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The Daily Mirror

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WEDNESDAY, MARCH 18, 1914

One Halfpenny.

MME. CAILLAUX'S REVENGE. "MADAME, YOU HAVE RUINED ME," SAYS HER HUSBAND.



At home.—(Photographs Henri Manuel.)



Mme. Caillaux arranging flowers in her drawing-room.

M. Gaston Calmette, editor of *Le Figaro*, who was shot by Mme. Caillaux, wife of the French Minister of Finance, died on the operating table early yesterday, and Paris is seething with excitement over this extraordinary political drama. Mme. Caillaux, exasperated at the campaign which M. Calmette was conducting against

her husband, called at the offices of the newspaper and on being shown into the editor's presence, shot him with a revolver. M. Caillaux, who has resigned his office, called on his wife at the police station, where, it is reported, he reproached her. "Madame, you have ruined my life," are the words attributed to him.

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**PARNELL'S Magnificent
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This Corset is designed and constructed by R. M. Hahn, the greatest living Corset Expert. A Hahn Expert Lady Fitter and Lecturer is in attendance to give advice and fit ladies free of charge. A Corset lecture will be given twice daily at 11.30 and 3.30. Ladies interested are cordially invited to attend.

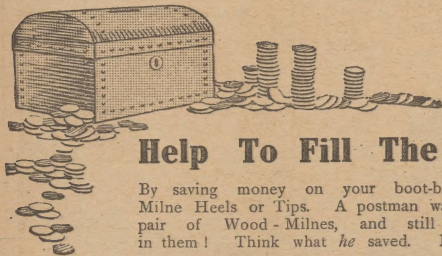
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TYPE 88.—Sizes 22-30. A particularly dainty model, very low bust, deep below waist and fitted with elastic gussets below bust. In White or French Grey Coutile, trimmed lace and completed with six hose supporters.

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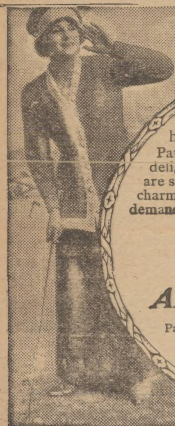
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By saving money on your boot-bills — by wearing Wood-Milne Heels or Tips. A postman walked 1,200 miles on one pair of Wood-Milnes, and still they had some wear in them! Think what *he* saved. Now, what about YOU?

WOOD-MILNE

RUBBER HEELS AND TIPS.

Sold in many varieties and at various prices, by Boot Dealers everywhere.
N.B.—If you golf try the "White Chief," a wonderful two-shillingsworth



A REAL DELIGHT

For outdoor wear there is nothing cosier than home-knitted coats, caps, gloves, etc., made with Paton's Wools—and the outdoor girl need wish no more delightful indoor recreation than knitting them. Paton's Wools are soft, strong, springy, washable and most easy to work. These charming wools have been popular for nearly a century, and the demand for them to-day keeps three factories and about 2,000 workers constantly employed.

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Patterns of all new colours FREE. Also books on making "Knitted Coats and Caps," or "Sports Coats and Knitted Caps," 1d. each, by post 1½d. each.

PATON'S, Alloa, Scotland;
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Fascinating Public Demonstrations at GAMAGE'S SPRING-CLEANING EXHIBITION.

NEW FURNITURE FOR OLD FOR A FEW PENCE.

OLD MOTOR-CAR UPHOLSTERY MADE LIKE
NEW AGAIN FOR A SHILLING OR TWO.

There is always a crowd watching become like new again after applying "NUAGANE":

—Furniture Upholstery,	—Stools,
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—Writing Cases,	—Handbags,
—Writing-Table Tops	—Purses,
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The Demonstrations attract and hold the attention of both male and female visitors. For these days mere man is something of a "spring

It will thus be seen what a wide field of usefulness in the home "NUAGANE"



"Nuagane" renews all leather in the original or any new colour.

"cleaner" himself, what with his garden and motor-car.

At the "NUAGANE STAND" one may see miracles performed upon all kinds of leather articles.

FOR THRIFTY HOUSEWIFE AND MOTORIST.

The thrifty housewife may see and learn how to transform old leather furniture upholstery into new at cost of a few pence.

The housewife or the motorist may either (1) restore the original colour in all its brilliant freshness or (2) have a new colour as a change.

TRY "NUAGANE" ON THESE ARTICLES.

The wonderful "NUAGANE" accomplishes these miracles upon any article of leather. All these articles, for instance,

possesses, especially when it is considered that it is:—

1. Obtainable in all popular colours and shades; that it
2. Waterproofs all leather to which it is applied; and
3. Preserves leather three to five times as long.

MAKES LINOLEUM NEW AGAIN, TOO.

Another use for "NUAGANE" is for making "linoleum" look like new again. It fills up all those little roughnesses and cracks that offend the eye and tend to make the home look shabby.

To "NUAGANE" any leather article is simple in the extreme. Just clean the surface with benzine or petrol. Let it dry. Next paint on the colour or shade of "NUAGANE" you prefer. It will dry within an hour—according to the atmosphere.

Cheap and good is "NUAGANE." In tins at 9d., 1s. 4½d., 2s. 9d. (¾-pint) and 5s. 6d. (1-pint).

"NUEEN" FOR FOOTWEAR AND GAITERS.

"NUEEN" is a "NUAGANE" twin discovery—for boots and shoes and gaiters.

It makes these articles new again and in the original or any new shade. Obtainable in 8 shades of Tan. Also Jet Black. In tins at 9d., 1s. 4½d.

**COME AND SEE LEATHER MADE NEW AGAIN
WITH "NUAGANE" AND "NUEEN."**

"MADAME, YOU HAVE RUINED ME!" SAYS M. CAILLAUX, AND RESIGNS OFFICE.

Wife Who Killed Husband's
Critic Tells Her Story.

"LESSON" BY BULLET

Shooting of Editor Causes Fall of
Cabinet's "Strong Man."

MYSTERY OF LETTERS.

"Madame, you have ruined my life."

These are the bitter words of reproach ascribed to M. Joseph Caillaux, ex-Prime Minister of France, when he came face to face with his wife in a Paris police station after she had fired five shots at and mortally wounded M. Gaston Calmette, her husband's bitter political opponent.

This tragic and deeply-moving human drama of a wife who risked all to defend her husband's honour has thrilled and incensed all Paris.

These are the figures in the case:—
Mme. Caillaux, aged thirty-nine, third wife of M. Caillaux, ex-Premier of France. She is a woman of great beauty, and a leading figure in the Paris social world. She is now in prison charged with fatally shooting in his office.

M. Gaston Calmette, aged fifty-six, editor of the *Figaro*, who had conducted in that journal a strong political campaign against M. Caillaux, alleging corruption.

M. Joseph Caillaux, French Minister of Finance, who has resigned from the Cabinet, in which he was regarded as the "strong man."

After sending in her card at the editorial offices, Mme. Caillaux was received by M. Calmette. Then, without warning, she drew a revolver from her muff and fired with deadly effect.

This swift tragedy was the sequel to a feud between M. Caillaux and the editor of the *Figaro* that had lasted since the Morocco "affaire" of 1911. M. Calmette had recently conducted in his journal an exceedingly bitter political campaign against M. Caillaux.

Mme. Caillaux, who showed extraordinary self-possession, has declared that she did not intend to kill M. Calmette, but only to teach him a lesson.

She passed the early hours in the afternoon before the tragedy in playing the piano and in



M. Gaston Calmette, Mme. Caillaux's victim.

called out, and the police charged the mob in the Avenue de l'Opera.

The Prefect of Police has, says a Paris telegram, ordered the Republican Guards to remain in barracks in readiness to quell any hostile demonstrations. A squadron of Horse Guards is also held in readiness in the courtyard at the headquarters.

PISTOL IN HER MUFF.

PARIS, March 17.—Fuller details of the tragedy in the office of the *Figaro* show that M. Calmette did not see any sinister object in the visit of Mme. Caillaux.

At five o'clock, when Mme. Caillaux drove up to the offices of the *Figaro*, she asked to see M. Calmette, and was requested by the hall porter to give her name. She refused.

The porter showed her into a room, and again asked her to give her name. Once more she refused, and waited for nearly an hour. Finally, in view of the porter's insistence that she must state her name, she placed a card in an envelope.

A few minutes later M. Calmette came out of his private room, accompanied by M. Paul Bourget, and the envelope was handed to him.

On the landing of the staircase, M. Calmette remarked to M. Bourget, "This is Mme. Caillaux; I must see her."

M. Calmette led Mme. Caillaux to the door and stepped back to allow her to enter first. The director of the *Figaro* was immediately behind Mme. Caillaux, and was in the act of taking off his overcoat when she drew an automatic pistol

from her muff and fired several times at M. Calmette, who at once collapsed.

Mme. Caillaux gave up her pistol to the police and waited calmly to her automobile.

An eye-witness of the tragedy declared that M. Calmette, as he was being carried downstairs, said in a faint voice, "I have never done anyone any harm. I have merely done my duty."

Pathetic scenes took place at the police station when the Minister of Finance called to see his wife.

The Minister is reported to have said to her: "Madame, you have ruined my life."—Central News.

WIFE'S STORY OF SHOTS.

PARIS, March 17.—"Since there is no justice in this country, I will do justice myself. Take me where you will."

Those were the words of Mme. Caillaux as the frightened staff of the *Figaro* took the pistol away from her.

At the police station she underwent a preliminary examination, the substance of which, at her desire, was communicated to the Press.

"I am sorry for what I was obliged to do," she declared. "I had no intention of killing M. Calmette, and I should be happy to know that he will recover. I desired only to give him a lesson."

Mme. Caillaux explained that the campaign against her husband had become intolerable, and she was determined to stop it.

She bought a revolver yesterday morning, drove

Woman's Secret Document Said To
Have Caused Tragedy.

DRAMA OF INTRIGUE.

to the *Figaro* office; and sent her card to M. Calmette, who was most polite and asked what he could do for her.

"It is needless to pretend I am making a friendly call, I answered," said Mme. Caillaux. "Then, losing all control of myself at the thought of the humiliations inflicted on my husband by this man, I drew the revolver from my muff and fired all the barrels. Calmette sought shelter behind his desk."

Mme. Caillaux was formally charged with attempted homicide and removed to the prison of St. Lazare.—Reuter.

FEAR OF SECRET DOCUMENT?

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

PARIS, March 17.—Fear of a secret document is said to have played a large part in the tragedy.

Behind it all lies a romantic history of political and personal intrigue. It is practically certain that an intimate letter written by M. Caillaux and signed "Thy Jo," which contained the confession in his own handwriting that he was trying "to smash the income-tax while seeming to defend it," was addressed to Mme. Caillaux, who was then the wife of M. Leo Claretie, a writer on the staff of the *Figaro*, from whom she was afterwards divorced.

A jealous woman is said to have obtained possession of this letter and to have communicated it to M. Calmette as material for his campaign against the Finance Minister.

Mme. Caillaux is thought to have seen in the publication of the letter an outrage to her honour.

M. Calmette is stated to have had in his pocket at the time he was shot a document that would have brought to bear on him by M. Caillaux to adjourn the trial of the fraudulent banker Rochette until in French law he must be released on bail.

There was great tumult in the Chamber to-day when M. Barthou, the ex-Premier, dramatically



MME. CAILLAUX.

produced a written document of the former Public Prosecutor, M. Fabre, relating to an interview in 1911 with M. Monis, the then Premier, at which the Premier insisted in the name of M. Caillaux that the course of justice against Rochette, the fraudulent financier, must be delayed.

It is the publication of this document which Mme. Caillaux is believed to have intended to prevent by her action last night.

APOLOGISED FOR TROUBLE.

PARIS, March 17.—The *Figaro*, which appears to-day with large black borders, says: "M. Calmette, although mortally wounded, was perfectly cool, courteous and lucid. While he was being undressed he apologised to the persons attending him, saying, 'I am giving you a lot of trouble. Pray excuse me.'"

"When the rumour spread that M. Calmette was being taken to the operating theatre everybody around was seized with emotion. M. Calmette's son was admitted very late to see his father for a very short time. Mme. Calmette had come with him."

"The doctors had authorised her to stop longer, and had even decided that she should pass the night at the bedside, but at fifteen minutes past midnight one of the staff of the newspaper appeared at the front door, and addressing his colleagues, said the simple words, 'Calmette is dead.'"

M. Caillaux, says the *Matin*, has informed the magistrate of certain fears regarding his wife's state of mind that he had entertained since the morning.

"This morning," he is reported to have said, "when she came back from the magistrate whom she had been to consult regarding the means of stopping the *Figaro*'s campaign, her eyes looked haggard, which made me anxious. I tried to reassure her, but unsuccessfully."—Reuter.



M. Calmette seated at the desk at which he was shot.



M. CAILLAUX.

sending out a number of invitations for a reception which she wished to give on Monday.

Then came the shooting, and the wife did what not even M. Caillaux's strongest enemy could do—caused the "strong man" of the Cabinet to resign. The resignation was accepted.

A Ministerial Council was held yesterday and M. Renoult, Minister of the Interior, accepted the portfolio of Finance.

LABORI TO DEFEND MME. CAILLAUX

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

PARIS, March 17.—All Paris is throbbing with excitement over the sensational shooting of M. Calmette by Mme. Caillaux.

This morning several hundred students paraded the streets of the Latin quarter, demonstrating in noisy fashion, and had to be dispersed by the police. Political feeling runs very high, and blows have been freely exchanged on the boulevards.

To-day Mme. Caillaux is detained in a well-furnished and almost comfortable cell. She is permitted by the prison rules to have her meals brought in from a restaurant and to make her own choice of food.

M. Labori, the famous counsel, who defended Dreyfus and Zola, has agreed to undertake the defence of Mme. Caillaux.

A document, left in her room by Mme. Caillaux and handed to-day by M. Caillaux to the judicial authorities, is said to contain the phrase, "I am about to do justice."

According to the *Matin*, M. Caillaux, when he arrived at the police station on hearing of his wife's detention, said to the examining magistrate, "You are going to arrest her?"

"M. le Ministre," replied the magistrate, "how can you ask such a question?"

"I am sorry that Calmette is hurt," M. Caillaux added later, "but I cannot disapprove of my wife's act."

PARIS, March 17.—Extraordinary scenes were witnessed in Paris during the night.

A mob several hundreds strong paraded the boulevards shouting loudly, "Down with Caillaux!"

The police were not in sufficient force at first to cope with the demonstrators, but reserves were

SKY NAVY TO SAIL OVER BIG BEN.

M.P.s to See Six Dirigibles in Air
at Westminster.

32 SHIPS FOR MALTA.

I will bring half a dozen airships for a cruise over the House during the session.

This was the picturesque promise made by Mr. Churchill in the House of Commons yesterday in the course of his speech on the new Navy Estimates—"the largest estimates ever presented."

He would do this, he said, to show members who doubted that the airships were in existence.

The Cabinet had decided to place a battle squadron of eight battleships and twenty-four other craft in the Mediterranean, based on Malta.

With regard to Britain's air fleet, Mr. Churchill said the Government's policy was that this country should be masters of its own air. They had—built, built, and ordered—fifteen airships, of which three were large vessels.

The growth of the aerial navy from 1911 (when Mr. Churchill assumed office) to the present day was as follows:—

THEN.	NOW.
4 aeroplanes.	43 aeroplanes.
3 pilots.	22 squadrons.
	120 regular pilots.
	5 land stations around the coast.
	2 stations under construction.

The seaplane, Mr. Churchill said, had a great future, and in this department of aeronautics we were far before any other country. The airship service would form the second stage in the career of flying officers, as aeroplanes were only suitable for the use of young men.

Important reference was made to German naval construction. In regard to this Mr. Churchill's outstanding observation was—

It would have been possible for us to have completed our development at a somewhat earlier period than we now propose to do, but the development of the German fleet organisation has not been so rapid as I anticipated two years ago.

"IF WAR CAME TO-MORROW"

At the end of this year we should have thirty-three battleships in full commission against Germany's twenty-five, with sixteen battleships in reserve, Germany having an equal number in reserve.

Then we had a second fleet of sixteen battleships against which there was no corresponding item in the German navy.

It was broken out to-morrow every ship could be sent out with its full complement.

The personnel of the Navy was now 146,000, as against 133,717 in 1911, and he now asked for an increase of 5,000.

The Admiralty regarded the effort of Australia to establish a fleet as heroic.

Mr. Churchill suggested the formation of an imperial squadron, the capital ships of which could move rapidly all over the world.

Mr. Molteno said there was no justification for the enormous increase of naval expenditure, and Mr. Lee complained that the Government had broken their pledges on the general standard of strength, on the question of the position of the Mediterranean, and in the question of contributions from the Dominions.

The debate was adjourned at 8.15 p.m.

MR. REDMOND'S "LAST WORD."

"To agree to a permanent partition of Ireland would be an outrage upon nature and upon history," declared Mr. Redmond, speaking last night at the Irish National banquet at the Hotel Cecil.

The Nationalist leader proceeded:—

In a few short weeks from now, in the absence of that political earthquake which political prophets always refer to as safeguarding their prophecy, the Home Rule Bill will be the law of the land in all but name. It will be the law of the land in precisely the form in which it stands.

The efforts of the Government, with which he entirely sympathised, of consulting Sir Edward Carson and his friends, had met with insult, with rejection and with failure. But, frankly, he did not regret these offers of peace, for it was no light thing for any man to face the opposition of any section of his fellow-countrymen.

Speaking of the principles of Mr. Asquith's offer, the chief being that the exclusion of Ulster should be temporary and not permanent, Mr. Redmond asserted, "These principles are our last word." "If force is interposed," he declared later, "force shall be met with force."

PERUVIANS' PRETTY WAYS.

NEW YORK, March 17.—A telegram from Lima (Peru) reports that disturbances in which more than twenty persons were injured occurred there last night as the result of a demonstration in front of the residence of Vice-President Leguia, who has just returned to succeed Senor Billinghurst, the deposed President.

The people shouted denunciations of Senor Leguia and several shots were fired. The police thereupon charged and dispersed the crowd.—Reuter.

TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

Our special weather forecast for to-day is—Strong and squally winds from the south and west; cloudy, with occasional rain; milder.

Lighting-up time: 7.6 p.m. High-water at London Bridge: 8.34 p.m.

LONDON OBSERVATIONS, Holborn-circus, City, 6 p.m.: Barometer, 29.7 in., falling uneasily; temperature, 48 deg.; wind, S.W., moderate breeze; weather, fine, sunny and cool to cloudy and threatening.

Sea passages will be rough.

SHABBY LONDONERS.

Baggy-Trousered Men Where "Nuts" Used to Stroll—Tailors' Lament.

Where are the "nuts" of yesterday? Where, in a lesser degree, are the well-dressed folk who used to be the perennial joy of the fashionable London streets?

To stand at the corner of a West End street these days is to witness a melancholy pageant—a dismal review of masculine modes which do not make glad the eye.

The *Daily Mirror* stood at the corner of three main fashionable thoroughfares yesterday morning, and cast about in vain for the legion of well-dressed men who used to parade the pavements.

A sort of little census was taken, and these were the disastrous figures obtained:—

Piccadilly-circus	1 well-dressed man out of 150
Bond-street	" " " " " 117
St. James's-street	" " " " " 67

It was interesting to note that 85 men out of 100 had baggy knees to their trousers. Some men had fairly good clothes, but spoiled the whole effect by some shoddy article, or careless way of dressing. A clumsily-knotted tie, or a pair of badly-shaped shoes, or a pair of baggy trousers only half concealed by a smart overcoat ruined what might have been otherwise a smart appearance.

The general effect is that London is a city of shabbily-dressed men.

The *Daily Mirror* went to a famous tailor and asked him what the matter was. The tailor could not admit that the clothes were at fault, but said that men generally did not take so much care over appearance as they used to.

And he put down the shabby clothes to the bad weather we have had of late. "Wet mud and dull skies," he said, "seem to invest the average Londoner with a sort of 'I don't-care-what-I-wear'-just-now' feeling."

Another tailor told *The Daily Mirror* that the number of people who wanted their old clothes mended and brightened up was considerably on the increase nowadays.

And he said he was receiving shoals of repairs from all quarters, he said. "But, oh! what a deplorable condition some of the garments are in—a description of them is impossible."

SHAMROCK EVERYWHERE.

"The wearing of the green" was very popular yesterday, St. Patrick's Day, and shamrock was seen practically everywhere.

Queen Alexandra, as in past years, sent several cases of shamrock to Wellington Barracks for distribution among the Irish Guards. Lord Roberts, Hon. Colonel of the regiment, distributed the shamrock, and then called for three cheers for the King and for Queen Alexandra.

St. Patrick's Day was observed as a general holiday in Dublin, the shamrock being worn by all classes. Nearly every business house was closed, and, as in the Irish language were preached in the Catholic and Protestant churches of the city. (Photograph on page 11.)

THE QUEEN'S HOBBY.

The Queen is an admirer and collector of old Wedgwood pottery, and at Windsor Castle there is a room entirely devoted to this famous ware, some of the finest and rarest examples being displayed.

Wedgwood pottery, the older examples of which are so much sought after, is named after the most famous potter England has ever produced—Josiah Wedgwood, who died in 1795.

He produced from designs by Flaxman, the sculptor, white cameo reliefs on a delicate blue ground known and envied by collectors all over the world as Wedgwood ware. This was in now very costly and practically beyond the means of the ordinary collector.

BRIDGE THAT PUZZLES DOGS.

Dogs, said Mr. A. M. Nortier last night in a lecture about the Tower Bridge, occasionally got separated from their owners when passing over the bridge. Invariably the dog makes a bolt for it as the bascules are being raised, until he loses his footing on the bascule and rolls back.

On one occasion a fox terrier got to the edge of the bascule and sat there shivering until it was lowered sufficiently to walk down again.

Eggs are reared their young at the very point of the bascules, the nests being so built that the eggs and the young birds do not tumble out when the bascules are moving through an angle of 81 deg.

The old birds sit on the bascules and rotate with the movement of the arms of the bridge.



Portion of the huge crowd which gathered outside the police station to which Mme. Caillaux was taken.

LORD MURRAY

AND "A TIP."

Peer at Marconi Inquiry Objects to Slang Phrase.

FIVE PAGES OF CHARGES.

The use of the word "tip" by counsel drew a rebuke from Lord Halsbury during yesterday's meeting of the House of Lords Select Committee, which is investigating the charges against Lord Murray of Ellbank, the ex-Chief Liberal Whip, in connection with his purchase of American Marconi shares.

"Lord Murray had information, vulgarly known as the tip, on which he acted and thereby derived a very substantial profit," was a phrase used by Mr. Upjohn, K.C.

Lord Halsbury gravely remonstrated. "I hope we shall continue to use the English language," said the aged ex-Lord Chancellor, with dignity.

The charges and allegations of the *Morning Post* against Lord Murray (now Lord Chief Justice), which were set out in five printed pages, were explained in detail by Mr. Upjohn, K.C., after which the Committee adjourned. (Photograph on page 20.)

THE CHARGES OUTLINED.

Mr. Montagu Shearman, K.C., for Lord Murray, first of all objected to the allegation that Lord Murray had endeavoured to hurry through the Marconi contract in order to avoid debate.

Mr. Upjohn, K.C. (for the *Morning Post*), summarised his case as follows:—

Lord Murray used his own funds and the funds of the Liberal Party in purchasing the shares of the American Marconi Company.

He acted on information not available to the public. The information was given by Mr. Godfrey Isaacs to the then Attorney-General (now Lord Chief Justice), who gave it to Lord Murray.

Lord Murray was able to—and did—buy shares at a price below the price at which they were open to the public. He bought them at a time when ordinary members of the public were not able to buy similar shares.

In regard to the allegations over the purchase of Home Rails, Mr. Upjohn remarked:—

In March, 1912, when all the coal-miners were on strike, and when speculations were sending between employers and employed in which members of the Government were taking part, investments were made out of the Liberal Party funds of over £30,000 in the purchase of ordinary and deferred shares of the heavy or mineral-carrying railway companies.

These were the Midland, Great Western, Great Northern and North British lines.

They were companies whose stocks were very much sought after, and therefore, by the result of the negotiations for settling the dispute.

We say it is wrong and highly improper for a gentleman by the name of Lord Murray to invest public funds in the shares or stocks of companies affected in any way by the action of the Government.

Counsel went on to assert that a matter of vital importance—the agreement of the American Company with the United States Land Cable Company to deliver and send Marconi messages—was intentionally not disclosed to the public until April 18, the eve of the introduction of the American shares to the Stock Exchange.

It was, however, disclosed before that date by Mr. Godfrey Isaacs to his two brothers, one of whom, the Attorney-General, repeated it either in specific or general terms to Lord Murray.

Mr. Upjohn next related how the then Attorney-General, after refusing to take shares from Mr. Godfrey Isaacs, was subsequently persuaded by his brother Harry to purchase from him 10,000 at £2 each. Mr. Harry Isaacs had already bought 50,000 from Mr. Godfrey Isaacs, and he and the Attorney-General arranged a "pool."

The Attorney-General then offered to the Chancellor of the Exchequer and Lord Murray 1,000 shares each at the same price as he had given for them.

Counsel proceeded to accuse Lord Murray of want of candour and of fear of publicity.

When Ministers repudiated suggestions that they had purchased English Marconis, said counsel, Lord Murray made no statement in the Lords of his transaction in American shares.

There was a want of candour which could only be accounted for by the consciousness that there was something wrong—not right, at all events—not about the previous dealings.

WHY THE UMGENI HAD £1,000.

CAPETOWN, March 17.—Answering a labour question to-day, General Smuts stated that the Government had not specially agreed to indemnify the owners of the Umgeni, but had paid them £1,000 as compensation for loss of freight through the vessel not calling at South African ports.

BLUSHES WIN A HUSBAND

Russian Girl's Shy Pleading Conquers Stern Immigration Board.

With her cheeks prettily dyed by blushes, a young Russian girl shyly pleaded before the Alien Immigration Board yesterday afternoon to be allowed to remain in England, so that she might marry her cousin, a London tailor.

Speaking with impulsive quickness, while from time to time her eyes drooped, she explained that she had not seen her lover for four years and that she had left all her relatives and friends to follow him.

When members of the board laughed at some of the girl's naive answers she flashed out at them an indignant "Please don't make fun of me." Assured by the chairman that no one desired to do that, the tense expression on her face relaxed in a smile.

The love idyll thus unexpectedly sprung on the board was completed by the intending bridegroom being called in. "Who is this girl?" the chairman asked him formally. His reply, limited to three words, was assertive enough. "It is mine," he declared in bad English.

"Have you saved any money?" was the next question. "I have saved a few shillings and some jewellery," replied the matter-of-fact lover.

Then came the board's decision. The girl's blushes, pretty looks and half-shy, half-bold words had won her the day, and she was allowed to remain in the country.

"Mind you look after her; she's a very nice girl," said the chairman, as the man linked his arm in the girl's, and the couple left the court.

THE KING'S BIRTHDAY.

It is announced that the official celebration of His Majesty's birthday will take place on Monday, June 22.

The above announcement was made at 10, Downing-street, the Prime Minister's residence, yesterday evening.

The actual day of the King's birthday is on Wednesday, June 8, when he will be forty-nine years of age.

For many years the date of the official celebration has fluctuated in consequence of State and other engagements, but it is very seldom, if ever, that a Monday has been selected, owing to the inconvenience of early returns from week-ends. Last year the day was celebrated on June 8.

There will be, it is understood, the customary trooping of the Colours on the Horse Guards Parade, at which the King will be present in person to receive the salute.

POACHERS IN MOTOR-CARS.

In a poaching case yesterday at Hitchin (Herts) a solicitor asked the duties of keepers were difficult enough without their having to cope with men coming down from London in motor-cars.

Henry Jewell and Patrick D'Arcy, who were in charge of a motor-department van, were stated to have stopped alongside a field near King's Walden. A third defendant was Henry Windley.

One of the men got down and fired a gun, killing a partridge, which was retrieved. They then got into the van and drove off.

Two keepers, hearing the shot, ran out and stopped the van, in which was found a gun. Windley was convicted on three counts and fined 30s. Jewell was charged of trespass and fined 10s. D'Arcy was dismissed.

MYSTERY OF AN INQUEST.

A mysterious application was made to Mr. Justice Avory and Mr. Justice Atkin, sitting as a King's Bench Divisional court, yesterday.

Mr. Boyd applied on behalf of the Public Prosecutor, for a rule nisi to quash a coroner's inquisition and an order on the coroner to hold a new inquest.

Counsel mentioned no names and gave no hint of the nature of the inquest was held. Counsel said the Director of Public Prosecutions had sworn an affidavit which gave all the facts material to the issue, and it was considered that if the jury had had all the facts before them they might have returned a different verdict.

The coroner, he said, offered no objection to the holding of another inquest. The application was granted.

It is understood that this concerns the death last December of Mr. Thomas Roberts, a farmer, of Carno, Montgomeryshire. Mr. Roberts was found dying in the orchard attached to his house. He was in great agony. At the inquest in December a verdict of Natural Causes was returned.

WOMEN STUDENTS FLEE FROM FIRE

WELLESLEY (Mass.), March 17.—The college hall and the main building of the Wellesley College for young women have been destroyed by fire.

The main building, containing the dormitories. Several hundred students and some of the members of the faculty had narrow escapes.

The college officials estimate the loss at from £100,000 to £200,000. All the girls lost their clothing except what they happened to catch up in the flight, few, if any, being fully clothed when they made their way into the campus.—Reuter.

£10,000 FILM CENSORED.

Objection has been taken by the film censors to the film of the play "The Devil," by Mr. Lawrence Cowen. The film was made at a cost of £10,000.

The film has been prohibited by Mr. Redford (the chief censor for the cinematograph trade) because of one scene of a sacrilegious nature. "And this is one which he himself assisted me to rewrite in order that the play might be licensed for the stage five years ago. Since then it is computed that six million people have seen the play."



Mr. John Ward.

Labour M.P. who took a really independent line of action over the Rosyth business on Monday night, wears the largest hat in Parliament. It is a slouch hat that would grace the most ferocious Mexican brigand.

Besides hats, Mr. Ward's great hobby is football. When the Trade Union Congress was last held at Newcastle I remember Mr. Ward suddenly disappearing from its deliberations in frantic haste. Newcastle United was playing a match, and the passion for football proved stronger than a desire to deliberate on the internal politics of labour.

Another hobby with Mr. Ward is Ireland. He is fond of Irish plays, Irish literature and Irish people.

Don't Chew Gum!

"Don't chew gum!" is the warning that stares at me from the columns of an American paper.

According to Dr. Harvey Wiley, the pure food expert, America is making a class of chewing gum-manufacturers wealthy by destroying the power of its salivary glands. Therefore he issues the above order, and I, for one, will obey.

Profers Lean Babies.

Dr. Wiley also opposes the fattening of babies. He says it is most harmful, and asks: "Are they to be killed and eaten like a plump fowl?"

The doctor is an ardent temperance reformer in the States. He does not necessarily preach teetotalism. He leads a crusade against all forms of intemperance, including that of eating, dressing, working and chewing.

Not Men.

There are some people who never attain the dignity or sink to the mediocrity, whichever way you like to put it, of being mere men and women.

The policeman, for instance. A provincial paper before me speaks of an accident in which three men and a policeman were injured. In accounts of shipwrecks one often reads that so many women and two stewardesses were rescued.

I once read in a newspaper headline in South Carolina, "Three men and four negroes burnt."

And then, of course, there is always that somewhat invidious description of "an officer and a gentleman."

For Amateur Gardeners.

From the worried faces and bulky packages I see in the City trains nowadays, I judge that the amateur gardener has begun his yearly task.

There is a paper, "Garden Work for Amateurs," published at one halfpenny every Monday, that each one of these painstaking tillers of the soil should buy. It is full of useful hints for beginners and good advice for veterans, and its great boast is that it is free from technicalities.

Its companion halfpenny weekly, "Poultry Keeping," is also well worth getting.

ASIDE OR ASTRIDE?

Problem of Woman's Riding Saddle—Doctors' View of Straight Seat Dangler.

Is the practice of riding astride injurious to women?

This question is suggested by a recently expressed wish of the Kaiser that the wives of German army officers should abandon this modern method of riding.

In England the astride seat is very popular, and at meets in the North almost 50 per cent. of the women use the astride saddle. People there scout the idea that any harm can result from it.

So far as the horse is concerned, the "straight seat" is far preferable. When a clumsy rider uses a side saddle the rubbing between the saddle and the skin often causes great pain to the animal.

On the other hand, as the astride seat depends for safety largely on the strength of knee grip, it is said that as women are less muscular than men the side saddle is safer for them.

Old school riders support the side seat as being safer for the rider and more graceful. They contend, too, that the invention of the safety skirt and safety stirrup abolishes the one danger that used to attach to the side saddle—that of being dragged after a fall.

Most doctors are in favour of the old fashion, and urge that the astride seat puts on certain muscles a strain that is harmful to women.

A few, however, support the modern mode, especially for young girls, believing that a straight seat is of value in giving them an easy and erect carriage.

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP

The Big-Hat M.P.

Mr. John Ward—or "Navy" Ward, as he is called by some—the

The King and the Boxers.

The boxers are very enthusiastic about the interest which the King took in their tournament at Albany-street Barracks on Monday night. His Majesty only saw the finish of Digger Stanley's bout, but he laughed heartily at the gipsy's weird and wonderful ring tactics.

"The Irishman is very clever," the King remarked when O'Keefe, in his emerald-green suit, was sparring with the Bombardier. His Majesty openly expressed his admiration of Wells. He must have been puzzled over some of those defeats which have troubled us all so much.

The King Kept Still.

The King has a host of admirers among Press photographers. One of these, who was photographing at the Albany-street Barracks on Monday night, told me yesterday that the light was very bad there.

"I had to give a long exposure," he said, "and I was afraid I should get a blurred negative, but the King saw me, I am sure, and he kept perfectly still for nearly a minute. He always does that if he notices the photographers want to get a difficult picture."

The King himself has a thorough knowledge of photography, and he realises its difficulties. This little incident is typical of his universal consideration.

Davy Stephens Better.

Davy Stephens, the famous news-vendor of Kingstown, whose annual visit to Epsom is a recognised part of Derby day ritual, writes to assure me that, though he has been ill with pneumonia, he is rapidly recovering, and intends to be at the Derby this year, as usual, and to call and see me on his way.

Davy is over seventy, and has been selling papers since he was a nine-year-old boy. He has met all sorts of great and famous folk, and owns many souvenirs of his "friends," as he calls them.



Davy Stephens.

Spoke to the King.

Queen Victoria gave him a sovereign, which he wears as a mascot. Bismarck spoke to him, and, what pleased him most, King George shook hands with him at Epsom last year.

I see from Davy's notepaper heading that he owns a "Circulating Library—Newest books as published."

Lord Charles Beresford generally provides him with a ticket for the grand-stand at Epsom on Derby Day.

Reforming the "Dummies."

The Berlin authorities, it seems, are taking steps to suppress "indecent corset dummies" in the shop windows. It sounds foolish, but I should not be surprised to see the same sort of thing happen over here. At any rate, some of the "dummies" displayed in the women's shops in the neighbourhood of Leicester-square and Shaftesbury-avenue are somewhat unnecessarily realistic.

Obedied Instructions.

The young wife sent her very new maid to buy a pound of plums from a neighbouring fruit shop and, as she handed the girl sixpence, said:—

"Be sure, Mary, before buying the plums, to pinch one or two, just to see that they are ripe."

In a little while the maid returned with flushed face and a triumphant look in her eyes. Handing her mistress the bag of plums, she placed the money on the table and exclaimed:—

"I pinched one or two, as you told me, and when the man wasn't looking I pinched a bagful."

Honest About It, Anyhow.

"Leisured man of the world wishes to secure an assured seat in the Chamber of Deputies. Opinion indifferent. Would pay £4,000 Discretion guaranteed. Write..."

This appeared among the small advertisements in a Paris morning newspaper last week, and cynics in Paris are suggesting that if the advertiser succeeds the Chamber will gain at least one honest member, a man who admits to holding no particular party views.

The Man Who Calls "Order."

Lord Winterton, whose interjections in the House of Commons' debates are so much resented by Liberals, is a most likeable young man outside Parliament.



Lord Winterton.

Strange hats are a passion with him. In fact, several of his hats rival those of his famous antagonist, Mr. Churchill. He reads a lot, despite his strenuous political life. I remember finding him once in the middle of a heated and hustling election seated by a hotel fire calmly reading Walter Pater.

Sunderland and Tramway Tickets.

Mr. G. R. Sims, who has been "grumbling" in *The Daily Mirror* about the litter of tickets in the streets, will be pleased at the latest news from Sunderland. According to a local paper:—

"The public of Sunderland have responded cordially to the invitation of the manager of the corporation tramways to place used tickets in boxes provided on the cars for the purpose, 'so as to keep the cars and streets clean and tidy.'"

"The only persons who in any way litter the cars now are the conductors, who strew the floors with the pieces they pinch off transfer tickets."

The East Ham Way.

Mr. Sims will undoubtedly approve the action of the East Ham Tramway authorities, who have placed boxes for used tickets at the disposal of passengers.

But the passengers still continue to cast their tickets to the four winds of heaven when they alight. Londoners, you see, are conservative in their habits.

To-day's Grumble.

Lady Townshend has written me that she has a grumble against the prevailing lack of charity in the world. "We all tread a rather stony path," she says, "and if a lame brother stumble, a helping hand held out does much to cheer and comfort him."

"What we all want is a little more kindness, sympathy and loving fellowship."

Another Grumble.

Mr. Horace Nicholls thinks that the striking photograph in yesterday's *Daily Mirror* of the week-end storm at Worthing ought to have been acknowledged to him. It ought.

Hypnotised by Our Chancellor

From Paris last week a friend wrote me: "Dr. Max Nordau, the distinguished author of 'Dégénérescence,' whose home has been here for many years, is not very complimentary to M. Caillaux."

"He considers that the French Minister of Finance has allowed himself to be hypnotised by Mr. Lloyd George."

"In a recent article he said: 'He imitates him servilely, so servilely that he completely forgets under what different conditions the English Chancellor of the Exchequer has elaborated his heroic taxes. One cannot compare the situation in France with that in England.'"

A Too True Prophet.

"Dr. Nordau concludes: 'M. Caillaux has been hypnotised by Mr. Lloyd George, but everything leads one to believe that the French reality will awake him brutally from his hypnotism.'"

The author has proved himself a true prophet, but I doubt if he realised quite how dramatic the brutal awakening would be.

The Rest Cure.

I understood on Monday night what it is to be a music-hall artist "working turns." I had three theatres to attend. First there was "The Rest Cure" at the Vaudeville.

Rest cures, I hear, are going out of fashion, and if you go to the Vaudeville you will understand the reason.

I noticed several doctors in front, and they laughed heartily at Miss Jennings's satire on a nursing home. No one laughed more than Dr. Henry Simson, who was in a box with his wife, Miss Lena Ashwell.

"A Good Cry."

I left the nursing home and hastened to the Palace. Here Wilkie Bard was making his bow to a new audience, and he had to make quite a lot of bows before the curtain finally fell.

From the Palace I hurried to "The Ever Open Door" at the Aldwych. This is the play that takes the heart by storm. In fact, I found a number of the audience in tears. And the more they cried the more they seemed to like it. "Isn't it lovely?" I overheard a lady say in the pit, as she put her handkerchief to her eyes.

THE RAMBLER.

ROYAL MATINEE SCENE.

Suffragettes Ejected After Attempted Address to Their Majesties.

No fewer than three interruptions by suffragettes marked the visit of the King and Queen to the matinee at the Palladium yesterday.

As their Majesties entered the royal box a woman rose in the stalls and said, "Your Majesties, Mrs. Pankhurst is in prison..." Before the woman could say more a constable seized her and escorted her from the theatre.

Shortly afterwards a large quantity of suffragette literature was thrown from the upper circle and the circle, and several women responsible were instantly ejected.

The matinee was held in aid of the funds of the Chelsea Hospital for Women.

The Queen wore a rose pink gown trimmed with skunk and ornamented with a cream lace vest. Her hat was of mole skin trimmed with a rose pink ostrich plume on one side, the underbrim being lined with pink.

Princess Mary, who was also present, was wearing old rose, in a somewhat paler shade than that worn by the Queen. Princess Mary's hat was of écor straw trimmed with Nattier blue ribbon, while the brim was lined with pink to match her gown.

Wearing blue serge trousers, a man's overcoat and boots and with her hair braided tight round her head, the suffragette named Catherine Wilson, who was arrested in the House of Commons dressed as a man, was sentenced to six weeks' hard labour at Bow-street yesterday.

(Photograph on pages 10 and 11.)

CAPTAIN'S GOLD SHARES.

Story of City Men Who Attended Christian Science Meetings with Him.

A story of dealings in gold shares by a Christian Scientist was told at the Guildhall yesterday, when Frederick Grosvenor, a financier, Charles Levin, an outside broker, and Sydney Bennett were accused with fraudulently conspiring to obtain £2,000 from Captain Robert Gardner, a retired officer of the York and Lancaster Regt. Lt.

Counsel told of an acquaintance which sprang up at the Savoy Hotel, Bournemouth, between Captain Gardner and A. Lawrence Chichester, who then introduced Bennett to the captain.

The two went for rides together, and Bennett mentioned that he was dealing in options, and explained to the captain what they were.

Later Bennett said that he was going to exercise his option on 6,000 £1 shares in the Associated Gold Mines of British Columbia and Guiana, Limited.

He said he was going to take 3,000 at £1 each, sell them at 90s. each, and with part of the proceeds take up the other 3,000.

Captain Gardner arranged to take up 2,000 shares, which, said counsel, were actually worth only 1s. each. He parted with £2,000 and received back, roughly, £300.

His £2,000 had been paid into Grosvenor's account at his bank, but was all drawn out again in ten days.

Captain Robert Gardner, a slim, soldierly figure, said that both Chichester and Bennett demonstrated their interest in Christian Science by accompanying him to meetings. The case was adjourned.

LUNATIC GIRL SUIT.

Doctor's Claim for Breach of Contract Recalls a Trial and Acquittal.

A claim brought by a doctor for damages for alleged breach of agreement in respect of payment for the care of a young woman certified to be insane came before Mr. Justice Atkin and a jury yesterday.

The plaintiff, Dr. Henry Thomas Hamilton, of Barnes, sued Mrs. Mary Bryant, of Boscombe.

Mr. Innes, K.C., said Dr. Hamilton was committed for trial last year at the Central Criminal Court on a charge of ill-treating a patient, but was acquitted.

About that time, went on counsel, the defendant, Mrs. Bryant, removed her daughter from Dr. Hamilton's care.

An agreement had been signed by which the doctor was to receive £500 a year for the patient's care and maintenance. It was said by the defence that due notice of three months had been given, but Mr. Justice Innes, while not admitting that any notice had been received at all, contended that a year's notice was necessary.

Giving evidence, Dr. Hamilton said that Miss Bryant was a chronic lunatic.

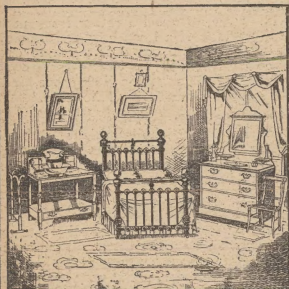
The judge held that three months' notice was reasonable, and he entered judgment for the defendant with costs.

On Page 13—No "Armour-Plates" About the Waist: From Fibre to Fabric.

On Page 14—Do Patients Get Enough Sleep at Hospitals?

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THE BEGINNING OF THE STORY.

ELAINE CASSELL is a radiantly happy young bride, and her husband, **ROBERT CASSELL**, live in a London suburb, from where he goes daily to business in the City. One evening she awaits him with great tidings. She is to become a mother. But a telegram comes saying he has been summoned on urgent business to Scotland.

Next morning the letter comes. "Tiffany Riley" comes for him. She opens it and finds a passionate love letter from her. She signs it herself **AGATHA ESBORN**. Elaine finds more letters in the same handwriting, and is forced to believe her husband faithless. She seeks the writer, a woman five years older than herself, but Miss Esborn refuses to give any explanation.

Miss Esborn calls just before Robert is due to return. Before Elaine can go to her Robert enters, and she takes him to the drawing-room. There they find Miss Esborn prone on the floor, her face upturned, her lips blue. But Miss Esborn is not dead, and when Robert says she must stay the night in the house Elaine, who has given him the letters, says, "If that woman stays, I go!"

Elaine leaves her home and takes a little room in Lambeth. A fortnight later she goes to her husband's office as he told by **PARSONS**, an attorney, and finds that Mr. Cassell has given up his business and gone abroad with Mrs. Cassell! Elaine can only believe that her husband and Miss Esborn have gone away together. At last she consults **PETER ROSS**, a barrister, and Robert's great friend, who tells her that her little home is to be sold up.

Impelled to take a glimpse at the place of her short-lived happiness, Elaine goes to the house that night. She enters the garden and, going round to the back, sees a little shaft of light across the lawn. Someone is in the house, and peering through a chink in a blind, she beholds her husband. He is not alone, but with a woman, and before Elaine can even beat against the window Miss Esborn enters the room. Robert slips the revolver in his pocket, and Miss Esborn protests her love for him, and tells him that his wife left him because he lost his money. Robert will hear nothing about Elaine, and Miss Esborn departs after telling him that unless he will renounce his wife and go away with her she will have him arrested. She gives him till the next day to decide, and leaves the house.

Elaine pushes open the French window. Husband and wife are reconciled. He explains that, against his wishes, she will pursue him with her attentions, and that she has to a technical breach of the law with regard to money she put into his business. It is in her power to issue a warrant for his arrest. Husband and wife arrange that he must go abroad for a time, and that she will join him as soon as she has sold her jewellery. As he leaves the house next morning he is arrested.

Elaine pleads with Miss Esborn, who says, "Give up Robert, go out of his life, and I will have him released!" In an agony of apprehension Elaine consents, but on returning home she sees that the bargain is impossible. She goes back to Miss Esborn, and while waiting for her reads a letter which tells her that Miss Esborn is being paid by a man to ruin Robert! The letter is unsigned, and as Elaine finishes reading it a maid enters and tells her that her mistress has gone out. Later Elaine learns that Robert has been liberated.

Then, months of misery pass by, and Elaine's baby—boy—is born. One night some weeks later Robert comes to her. She learns from him that the mysterious letter must have been written by his business rival, **TIFFANY RILEY**.

Posing as a Miss Graham, Elaine manages to get employed as a typist in Tiffany Riley's office. While she is taking down a letter to Miss Esborn an office boy brings in a card.

"Show Miss Esborn in immediately!" commands Tiffany Riley.

At her employer's command Elaine hides behind a screen and writes down all that is said by Miss Esborn. Tiffany Riley tells Miss Esborn he has no further need of her services, and adds that he himself has had a man sent from Scotland Yard to arrest Robert Cassell.

"TOO LATE TO WARN HIM."

I WAS in a taxicab speeding northward. I had offered the man double fare to go quickly, and at every pause in the journey—every time he

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slowed down—I grew frantic with impatience. My whole existence seemed to have resolved itself into a mad impulse to get to Robert quickly—to reach him before anything happened.

Tiffany Riley, after announcing to Miss Esborn that he had informed the Scotland Yard authorities where Robert was, had quickly brought their interview to a close. And as it was five o'clock I was free to leave the office a few minutes after Miss Esborn went away.

How I comforted myself in those minutes I cannot tell; but I felt strangely dazed. It was as if the blow that had been delivered had stricken all feeling out of me. I was conscious of agony and yet not conscious of it. Tiffany Riley evidently noticed nothing in my demeanour that was unusual.

The triumphant manner in which he made his announcement to Miss Esborn had convinced me that if I had flung myself on my knees before him, confessed my identity and pleaded passionately for Robert, it would not have disturbed him in the least. As Robert had said, his was a heart of stone, and the only feeling I felt towards him after Miss Esborn departed from the office and he and I were alone together—the only feeling I felt towards him then was one of curiosity. I looked upon him now as a monster, as something inhuman. The thing he had done seemed to have wrought a change in my whole being. The real fact of the matter was that I was stunned by the suddenness of the blow. And, although all other feeling seemed to be dead, the instinct to fly to Robert's help survived.

And thus, when the taxi slowed up again in the busy Camden Town-road, I grew frantic with impatience.

"You're matched up the speaking tube inside the vehicle."

"On't be going very fast!" I said petulantly to the driver.

In the casual manner of his class, he merely jeered at me, and towards a string of wagons that blocked his passage.

At last we reached the corner of Golder-road and, speeding along to No. 83, came to a halt.

I alighted, paid the driver, and moved towards the house.

I saw that the front door was wide open, and standing upon the doorstep and in the passage were three women and two men in excited and animated conversation.

A wild, unarticulate cry of agony rent my heart—and putting out a hand I supported myself for a minute against the rusty iron railing.

I was too late! A pale, white-faced woman, with his chin took his pipe from his mouth and pointed at me with the stem.

"That's her!" he said.

Two women came down the steps, and passed out of the gate and looked at me with hard faces as they went. And summoning my last atom of pride to my aid I went up the steps to the door of the house.

"Where are you going?" said the unshaven man.

He made a half movement to bar my progress. But the look I gave him—something in my manner, must have quelled him, for he shrunk back.

"A knew that I was too late! But a minute later when I reached the fourth floor and pushed open the door of our attic, and looked into the room, a groan escaped my lips.

Without my own knowledge I had still retained a fragment of hope! Robert was gone, and the room was empty, save for our little one asleep in his little basket cot. And then only, that I showed any feeling outwardly. For I pressed my hands to my temples—and a cold, wild hatred—a hatred of all mankind—looked possession of me. The thought

that one human being could act to another as Tiffany Riley had acted towards Robert filled me with vindictiveness! I was no longer timidly feminine. I was fierce and tigerish in my feelings.

I was standing thus in the middle of the room when a knock came at the door, and without waiting for an answer the unshaven man with the white face, his pipe in his hand, stepped into the room.

"Well," he said, "he's gone! He's been took up!"

"I turned on him."

"He eyed me for a moment with his dull eyes."

"My missus," he said slowly and pompously, "don't like it. She's been took over queer about it—she don't like it, I tell you, and I don't like it!"

"Who are you?" I asked curtly.

Underlying his stupidity and dullness there was insolence and animosity towards myself.

"I'm the landlord," he told me, "and this is a respectable 'ouse, and a respectable neighbour-hood!"

He suddenly took on a semblance of indignation, he became sharply virtuous.

"I expected me to protest, to plead for time, he was mistaken. I inquired the sum due, and opening my purse flung the amount on the table before him."

"I put up my hand and pointed to the door."

"I was out of the room at once!" I commanded.

"He remained where he was."

"What I've got to say is, ma'am—this room's been let! We don't 'ave your sort 'ere—no, not at any price!"

"The contemptible meanness of the fellow, his air of sham virtue infuriated me. He was a paltry, feeble creature who inhabited the lower regions of the house and did odd bits of work for his wife, who nagged him unceasingly. I looked into his eyes and saw there not a spark of humanity or pity."

"It's been let from to-night on," he said, clinging to the subject of the room.

"He was mistaken. I inquired the sum due, and opening my purse flung the amount on the table before him."

"His long, bony hand closed over the money like a snake, as he put it in his pocket he held out something towards me with his other hand."

"He left that," he said. His manner had softened. My ability to pay for the room had mollified him."

"He went out, closing the door behind him, leaving me with a letter in my hand, addressed in pencil in Robert's writing."

I tore open the envelope, and as I did so I knew that it had been sealed open—that its contents were doubtless known to the gossips in the doorway, to the weedy landlord and his nagging wife.

What a desecration—what depths of meanness seemed to exist about me!

"My own darling Elaine," ran the letter, "when you get this you will know what has happened. You will be brave and true and splendid, as you always are—just my own noble, splendid wife. Whatever suffering, whatever parting there is to be, every waking thought of mine shall be of you!"

"Elaine, for myself I care nothing! But my heart bleeds for you—it's torture. I think of you and I cry. They—"

He was speaking of the detectives who had arrested him.

"They are very good to me. They have allowed me to write this. Good-bye—and may God bless you. Some day our wrongs will be righted. I kiss your eyes. Trust me. Think of me always—Robert."

That was Robert's letter to me—a cry from his heart, a cry like that, beautifully, in the moment of his arrest. He must have been seething with indignation at the injustice that had been done him, at the monstrous inhumanity of Tiffany Riley's act—and yet, in the moment of the first shock, when the door slammed closed upon our room and apprehended him, he found thought and courage to write that to me! What a splendid fellow he was! What a contrast to all the rest of the world.

And at the thought that he was to be punished horribly for a crime he had never committed, my whole nature seemed to grow tense and vibrant.

I was more sure that time than I had ever been in my life—I was not myself! Another woman seemed to have entered the tender, feminine Elaine of old and have taken possession of her. I could in no way understand myself. And, secretly, deep in my heart, I was sure of what I would do—so strung up was I, so filled with a cold and passionate hate of all the world.

"FOUND GUILTY."

I WAS still in this condition of mind when I left the lodgings in Golder-road and returned to Lambeth with the baby.

I would see if Mrs. Graham could take me in again. Probably she, too, would refuse to harbour a woman whose husband was under arrest upon a charge of felony.

I stood very straight as I knocked at her door. And when she opened it and saw me her tired face lit up with pleasure.

"Well, my dear," she exclaimed.

There was genuine gladness and welcome in her eyes.

"Come in, come in." She held the door wide, thinking I had come as a visitor.

I told her what had happened—to return to lodge with her, and we discussed the matter in a stuffy little parlour at the night of the door.

"You aren't ill, are you, my dear?"

"No," I said.

"You look a bit strange about the eyes," responded Mrs. Graham.

"I have had a shock," I answered.

Then, in measured tones, almost without emotion, I told her what had happened—of Tiffany Riley—of Robert's arrest—of his innocence. She listened spellbound.

"Lord have mercy on us!" she breathed when I had finished.

Then she rose, took my hand in her own and patted it gently.

"He never did it, ma'am," she said. "I know human nature when I see it, and Mr. Cassell could no more rob anyone than I could! Not with the clear, straight eyes, he couldn't!"

After Mrs. Graham had arranged for me to have our old room again I hurried away. It was nearly eight o'clock, and I wanted to see Peter Ross. I felt that if there was any possible way of helping Robert, Peter Ross would tell me of it.

How strange it seemed, half an hour later, to be ascending the stairs towards his quiet rooms in Magnus-court. When I reached his room I found him in the battered horsehair chair with a pipe in his mouth. He sprang up as I came in and held out his hand, and the moment our eyes met I saw that he knew. Still holding my hand clasped in his he led me to his study, by the expression seemed puzzled by my attitude, by the expression

of my face.

There was a long pause, during which he looked down at me.

"It's awful, Mrs. Cassell," he said, "awful!"

"You know, of course, that he is innocent?"

Peter Ross scorned to answer the question. Like old Parsons, Robert was a hero to him, too.

"I'm going to defend him, Mrs. Cassell," he said. Then, without further words, he became suddenly and formally professional.

Long ago Robert had told me of his cleverness, and that he only needed a chance to make him famous. Now I understood what he meant, for Peter Ross's examination of me was wonderful in its dexterity, and as the minutes passed and he put question after question my hopes began to rise.

There was the letter Miss Esborn had received from Tiffany Riley showing that she was in his room for the purpose of entrapping Robert: we discussed that fully, and in the end Peter Ross nodded his head hopefully over it; it was not in our possession, but under cross-examination he

(Continued on page 14.)

LONDON AMUSEMENTS.

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GLOBE—At 2.15 and 8. **OSCAR ASCHE** and **BRATON** in **KIDNAP**. Mat. Wed. Thurs. Sats. 2.30. (Last week, 2.30.)

HAYMARKET. WITHIN THE LAW. To-day, 2.30 and 8. Produced by Sir Herbert Tree.

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LITTLE THEATRE, John-st. Strand.—3, 9. **KENDALL FOSS** presents "MAGIC," by G. K. Chesterton. 2.30 and 8.30. Mat. Wed. Thurs. Sats. 2.30. (Last week, 2.30.)

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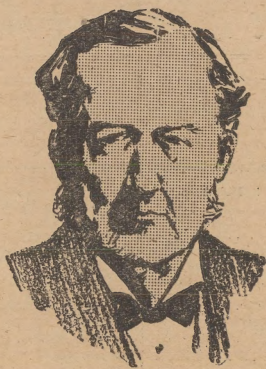
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Daily Mirror

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 18, 1914.

HER LETTERS—AND HIS

IT is to be a definitely feminine habit to turn over the envelope of a letter for a minute before opening it, while one speculates "Who can this be from?" and closely questions the handwriting.

"Why not open it at once and see?" says the man at the breakfast table, and adds to a reputation for common-sense by the obvious suggestion; while, to show how the thing should be done, he seizes upon his own letters, lays hold of the knife by his plate, and slits the envelopes open in a manner that shows courage to know the worst at once.

But what, after all, do his letters amount to?

One can see so easily at a glance! The flat envelopes are the bills; or else offers to advance any sum from ten to ten thousand pounds on no security but a sight of the man's face. The square envelopes (also typewritten) are intimations, from book-sellers and others, who wish to warn him that they can now, if he still wishes it, procure him a copy of this book, or an example of that sort of china, for a sum about seven times in advance of what he expected to have to give. These tinted envelopes, and the others, on club notepaper are men's dinners, requests for help in the charitable, or semi-charitable line, notes beginning "I wonder if you will think me a great nuisance if I—" or "I am going to be perfectly horrid and ask you—" Put them all away. They can be answered from the office.

Occasionally, there's a line from his boy at school, which is fun, even if, in turn, wants something. The rest can be neglected. The days are past, when he looks forward to the post. Middle-age has begun. He would rather have no letters on his plate at breakfast.

Meanwhile, please observe her, as she does two things at once—two things all nice women can do—observe her pouring out the tea and at the same time reading a faint-hued sheet with initials at the top. Indeed, see, now she is doing three things, for she is eating some toast also—nay, four: now she is telling him not to ask questions, while she reads. He is silent. She laughs at something in the letter which is of great length. It covers eight sheets. It goes on and on and is probably very foolish. Yet what pleasure it gives! Can you wonder that she lingered over the coming delight of it, and looked at the stamp, and examined the postmark, before tearing the envelope across?

We ask: How is it that, even to-day, when the days of letter-writing are over, women get so much pleasure out of the post, than men do? You will quote Mme. de Sévigné and Mrs. Thrale and all the others, and assert that women write better letters—to women—than men ever receive from men, or from women either. Letters are, or ought to be, literary gossip and it is to be supposed that women have a mastery over that art of ranging over many subjects and weighing upon none. In point of fact, however, this particular letter had (so it seemed to the man) "absolutely nothing in it"—a diffused nothing, agreeably intended, but without point. Perhaps then it is simply that women longer keep that great life-force, and therefore that great virtue, called curiosity. They hope always for the bolt from the blue-tinted paper. Or they like reading about nothing, if it comes from a distance and from a friend.

W. M.

THROUGH "THE MIRROR."

"BOADICEA."

MILITANCY up to a certain point was at least an arguable case for the suffragettes. I agree that to interrupt political meetings and to make similar demonstrations was a way—perhaps the only way—of getting the woman's position before the public.

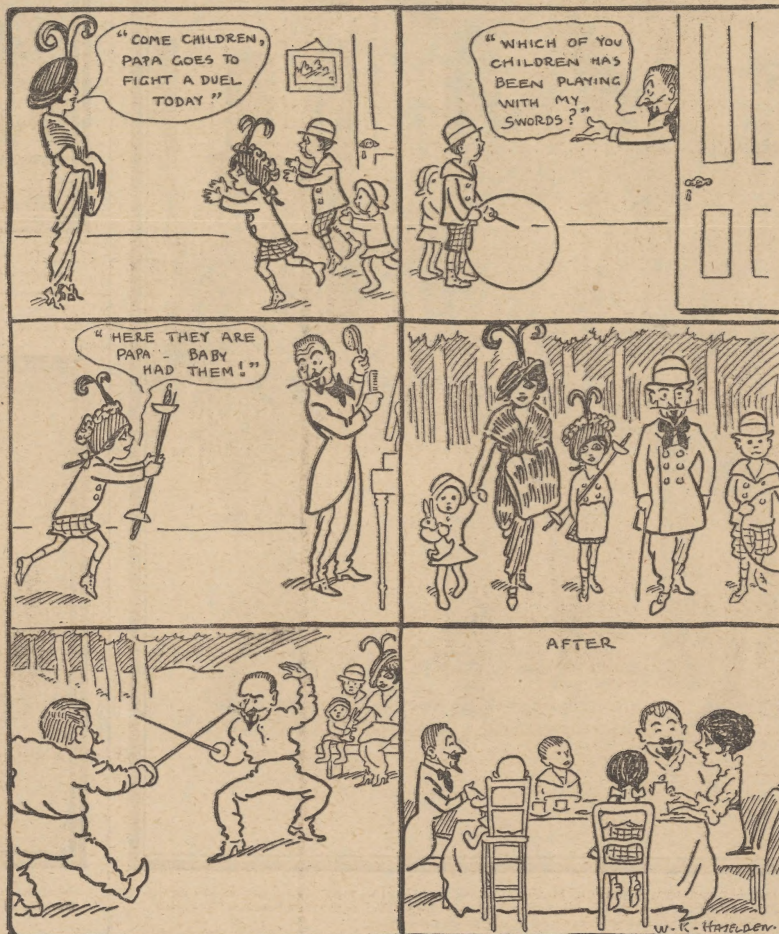
But now the public is well aware of the facts and of the living earnestness of some women's demand for the vote. We do not want to be advertised any more about the vote. Every further violent advertisement is a persuasion to us not to give it, or admit of its being given. Moreover, the form of militancy has gone from the executable to the absolutely indefensible. To interrupt Parliament, or political meetings, is a different thing from destroying beautiful things. The latter is a horrible course no one in their senses could defend, and I must say that, for my part, it has for ever

"PERHAPS."

DULL people are always trying to remove from the element of the unexpected in life. They quite forget that "the unexpected always happens," and that there is as much risk in the ordinary "safe" operations of our daily existence, as in the so-called dangers of real risk.

I certainly was not born a gambler, but I was, though always prudent, very unlucky in my money affairs so long as I tried not to risk anything. I put all my money into good things, which turned out bad ones. I was nervous and careful. Nothing went right. I got tired of this at last and one day thought I would "have a run for my money." I soon made several hundred pounds in a venture my broker had characterised as "highly speculative," and taking a holiday at Ostend soon after I made £800 in gambling. I am not recommending this to your readers as a safe way to make money. Nor

THE FRENCH DUEL—A FAMILY AFFAIR



Our cartoonist judges, from a recent instance, that the modern Parisian duel has become a sort of outing, or picnic, for the entire family. Once, it was a possible tragedy. Now, it is a certain treat, in which even the children participate.—(By Mr. W. K. Haselden.)

alienated my sympathy from the whole movement. We do not want women to vote, if they are so abandoned as to despise the finest things in the very civilisation they pretend to want to raise.

R. P.

I HAVE followed the women's suffrage movement with much interest, and I think the letter headed, "What To Do," and signed "A Suffragette," in your columns sums up the whole situation. It is a very beautiful letter to my mind, and has for its basis that wonderful truth which we all so often forget—"Love is the fulfilling of the law."

Adelaide-road, N.W.

MARY BLORE.

TO-DAY'S DINNER-TABLE TOPICS.

Is this the age of violence? It is not supposed to be so, but, whenever one opens the paper, one comes upon news of somebody—generally a woman—shooting somebody else, or breaking somebody's head with a golf-club, or, and cranks, therefore, resort to it in order to advertise themselves. This, apropos the modern Boadicea and the terrible Calixta Gashette affair in France.

Whether it is "shilly sentiment" to be in love, and more to show the love one feels. Very likely you think not. But everybody not in love agrees, does he not, that there are boxes to a thing or service? See our correspondence on sentiment, as understood by young people of today.

Whether gambling is never to be permitted, and whether you have ever gambled. What, not even five francs at Little Horos?

have I persevered in it myself, since. But I somehow feel that Fortune is against the too careful and plodding, and I want to draw attention to the fact that "safe" living is, judged by results, often as risky as the other sort.

It is an old proverb—risk nothing and have nothing. I agree with it.

Wimbledon.

A DITTY.

My true-love hath my heart, and I have his,
 By just exchange one to the other given;
 I hold his dear, and mine he cannot miss,

My true-love hath my heart, and I have his.

His heart in me keeps him and me in one,
 His heart in him his thoughts and senses guides:
 He loves my heart, for once it was his own,
 I cherish his because in me it bides:

My true-love hath my heart, and I have his.

SIR P. DUNN.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

Love is ever the beginning of knowledge, as fire is of light; and works also more in the manner of fire.—Carlyle.

MODERN LOVE.

Young Girls Who Make Up Their Minds

"Never to Marry."

WHY say that the young are not sentimental nowadays? In my time we married as our parents wished us to marry. Nowadays the young marry according to their own sweet will. Surely, therefore, the present generation is more sentimental than ours?

I certainly cannot find they marry for money, either. My three sons all married girls with no money at all. No doubt they sometimes regret it now. But we regretted it in our day, when we did marry for money, and according as our parents wished! Whatever we do in this difficult business, we nearly always regret it.

N. C. E.
 Sloane-gardens, S.W.

I THINK the lack of sentiment in the present generation of young people is shown, not so much in their refusal to "marry for love," as in their stubborn resistance to marry at all—for love, money, or anything else.

My own daughters—four of them—have always refused to marry. "We don't want to be dependent on any man," said frigidly and people like that praise this attitude and tell me it shows "a noble independence." But it isn't very independent really, because I have to keep them while they reject all likely suitors.

THEIR FATHER,
 Victoria-street, S.W.

ONE of your correspondents suggests that it is quite a bad sign in men to be eloquent over their proposals. Well, I can only quote the experience of one very dear to me, and it is against the other view that a silent man who "never shows his feelings" necessarily makes a good husband.

This friend of mine married a very silent man. He was so silent that he could scarcely get so far as to tell her that he wanted her to marry him. However, at last he did tell her and marry him she did.

He could scarcely speak before marriage, and after marriage he didn't trouble to speak. He is silent at dinner-parties and silent at home. Occasionally he makes a grumpy remark. I don't mean that he's literally dumb, but his conversation is monosyllabic and depressing.

I tell my friend, who confides a good deal in me, that it all goes against the conventional view that "still waters run deep." Perhaps they do. But then what's the good of that, if the deepness is never shown? Better run shallow and be more amusing? But no doubt I shall be told that this is only a woman's point of view. I don't care.

A TALKATIVE WOMAN,
 Knightsbridge, S.W.

MODERN young people are afraid to show their feelings, says the trouble lies in the fact that the parents of modern young people, especially with regard to the daughters, are instilling them up with silly ideas on love and marriage.

My father and mother have constantly drilled into me the importance of "marrying well." I was sent to business at an early age, and consequently met many men. My mother had a sort of idea that I had to walk through the "City" lined with "eligibles" and pick one of them out. When I don't, she says I have no romance in me. Is this fair?

D.

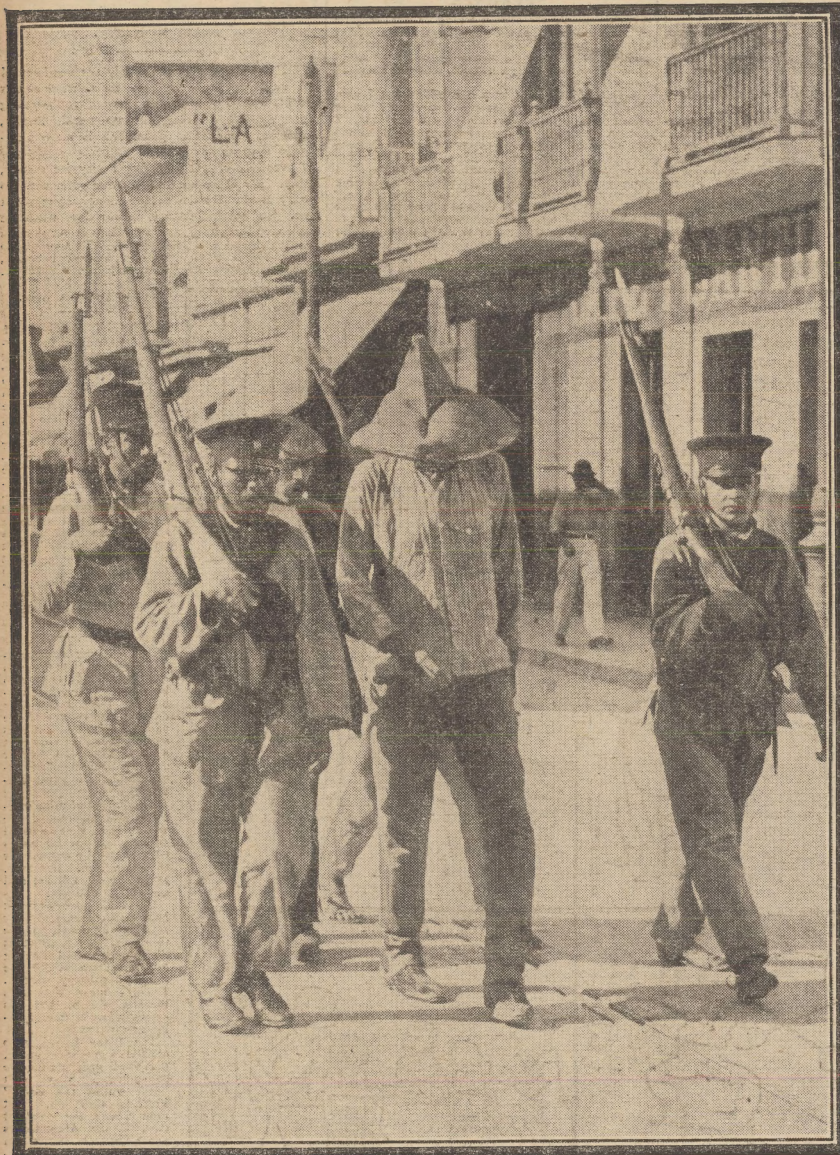
IN MY GARDEN.

MARCH 17.—The latter half of March is a good time for planting a rockery. When this work is done, let plenty of the pretty dwarf campanulas be set out, for they are easy to grow and make a beautiful show throughout the summer months. Carnations and tubicolous flowers, with anemones, blue grow about 18 in. tall and early in August are smothered with erect cup-shaped flowers—at a season when the rockery holds but few blossoms.

Pulls (dark purple) is a dainty dwarf species, and other precious kinds are muscari, nivalis, garancina and varieties of our native hair-bell—roundifolia. These campanulas will do well in sunny or half-shady positions.

E. F. T.

CRIPPLES FOR HUERTA'S ARMY.



It is now a case of "anyone who can carry a gun" in Mexico, and the fact that this man is a cripple makes no difference to Huerta's "recruiting" officers. And they are humorous, these Mexicans, as this new "soldier" is called a "volunteer," though captured by a kind of pressgang.

THE KING AND QUEEN



The King and Queen, with whom is Princess Mary, in a specially decorated Chelsea Hospital for Women yesterday. There were interruptions by

NIJINSKY'S ILLNESS.



Nijinsky, the famous dancer, who was taken ill suddenly in "The Spectre of the Rose." He was a little better yesterday and hopes to appear again to-morrow. — (E. O. Hoppé.)

FATAL LOOPING.



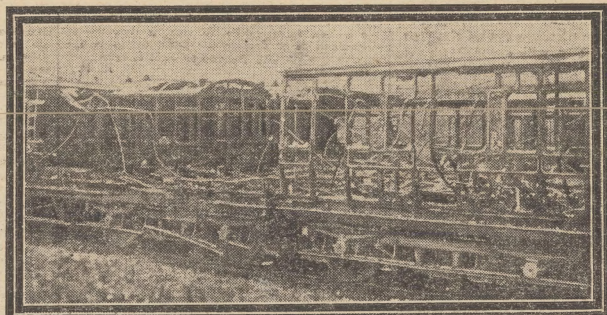
M. Hannover, the airman, who was drowned at San Sebastian. He had inverted his machine at a great height, when it fell into the sea.

DEATH OF COUNTESS.



Lady Devon, widow of the tenth Earl of Devon, who died yesterday at Cheltenham. It was only on Thursday last that she attained the age of 100. She was a niece of the eighth Earl of Meath. — (Bassano.)

DESTROYED BY SUFFRAGETTES.



Birmingham suffragettes are again busy, and these are railway coaches which they set on fire. Six were completely destroyed and three others badly damaged, the total damage being estimated at something over £1,000.

BULL FI



Simeno tossed by from a film ent Spain.

T A CHARITY MATINEE.



at the Palladium, where they attended a performance in aid of the
es, who tried to address their Majesties.—(Daily Mirror photograph.)

WOMEN WEARING FOBS.



The waistcoats with the fob were seen on the Auteuil Racecourse, Paris, where
The "horticultural hat" is composed entirely of roses, with a laurel
branch. It is to be worn on sunny days only.—(Felix.)

LORD ROBERTS WEARS SHAMROCK.



Lord Roberts, who is an Irishman, wore shamrock yesterday—St. Patrick's Day. The buttonhole, which he wore
was part of the gift which Queen Alexandra, following her annual custom, made to the Irish Guards, and the pic-
ture shows the sprig being pinned on the famous soldier's breast at Wellington Barracks.

G FILM.



ing bull, a scene
Bullfighters of
Spain.

DOG'S WONDERFUL JUMP.



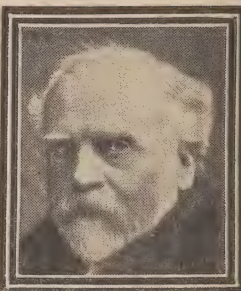
Duc II, practising his jumping for the display by the police dogs in Paris. Duc
is one of the cleverest four-legged members of the force, and his jumping, as shown
in the picture, is really wonderful.

BEATEN FIRST LORD.



Mr. Churchill's relatives have
caught his passion for flying.
This is Miss Hozier, his sister-in-
law, who looped the loop with
Mr. Gustav Hamel yesterday.
This is more than the First Lord
has done.

SCIENTIST KILLED.



Sir John Murray, the scientist,
who was killed in a motor-car
accident. His daughter, who
was driving, was found uncon-
scious.—(Elliott and Fry.)

A grand builder-up.

If building up meant solely the formation of fatty tissue many preparations could claim to be equal to SCOTT'S. But, if building up means the strengthening and developing of every part of the body—no preparation can justly claim such a long and world-wide record as a builder-up of delicate men, women, children and babies.

"My little girl had a very nasty cough, refused all nourishment, and was only being kept alive on brandy and the white of egg. In a week's time after commencing SCOTT'S, she was putting on flesh and her arms and legs were much firmer. She has had no relapse. I am most thankful that I gave SCOTT'S Emulsion a trial." (Signed) Mrs. Mabel Philpott, 26 Archbishop's Place, Brixton Hill, S.W. 23/1/13.



TRADE MARK on every Package.

SCOTT'S Emulsion is not only a flesh former, but a builder-up of muscle, bones and brain—a lung strengthener as well as a healing curative agent. During teething period, after illness, when weakly and ill, or as a protector against winter changes—there is need for

SCOTT'S Emulsion

Inferior imitations and cod liver oils of uncertain quality lead to disappointment, if not despair. Therefore, ask for SCOTT'S.—See the Fishman on the package and refuse inferior imitations if offered for the sake of extra profit.

S. & D., Ltd

"THE CORSET THAT CURES."

THIS SUPERB MAGNETO CORSET sent for 1/- (See Coupon, below).



This is the Ambrose Wilson Magneto Corset.

A PERFECT FITTING CORSET DESIGNED BY EXPERTS, IT FITS THE FIGURE LIKE A GLOVE, ENSURING BEAUTIFUL FIGURE LINES, YET WITH AN ENTIRE ABSENCE OF HARMFUL PRESSURE

THIS MARVELLOUS INVENTION, the outcome of years' experience in Remedial Magnetism, is now placed within the reach of every lady who fills in and sends at once a postal order for one shilling.

Powerfully magnetised, it does what no other corset can do: it gives splendid health, tireless energy and an attractive personality.

The price of my Corset is not pounds, it is only shillings. The price is 5s. 11d., but I do not ask you to send me that amount. All I ask is that you send me a postal order for 1s., and by return of post I will send you a pair of my Magneto Corsets that will fit you like a glove. It will be a real letter day to you the day you receive the Corsets, because it will be the beginning of new life.

It is modelled on the most up-to-date lines, perfect fitting, graceful and charming—but it is MORE. New Health and New Life come to you. All the old Listlessness—The Feeling of Depression—Inaction—Mind Wandering—Headaches—Backaches—Loss of Will Power—Sleeplessness—Want of Confidence—Lack of Nerve Force and Want of Energy, fade away. You become strong, vigorous and Healthy.



This is the charming effect it produces.

WOULD YOU LIKE TO WEAR

a corset which has cured such complaints as Indigestion, Rheumatism, Nervous Ailments, and General Debility, whilst at the same time beautifying the figure and building up the constitution? Then you must wear the

AMBROSE WILSON MAGNETO CORSET

"ON APPROVAL"

COUPON.

POST TO-DAY.

To Mr. AMBROSE WILSON, (Corset Dept. 111), Vulcan House, 56, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.

Simply write your full name and address on a piece of paper, fill in your correct measurements, this coupon to paper, and post it to me. Please send me a "Magneto Corset" on approval. I enclose 1s., and if I do not immediately return Corset I will pay you the balance of 4s. 11d., either in one sum, or by weekly instalments of 1s.

Size of waist..... Bust..... Hips..... Foreign and Colonial orders must be accompanied by the full amount, and 1s. 6d. extra for postage.

A TAIL OF HAIR FOR 2/-

Save your comb now. Send them to us. For two shillings we will transform them into a beautiful tail of hair in our special aigleon process. Send at once, as this is a Special Offer and may be withdrawn at any time. If you have no combings by you, we will supply a full ready-made or a trailing extra, cheap kinds of hair-drawings from your own combings or hair supplied by us. Look at these low prices. Transformation, 2/6; Revers, 10/6; Swathe, 5/6. We deal direct. All middlemen's profits are cut out. Money returned if not satisfactory. Privacy guaranteed. Send P.O. and pattern with writing. Write for interesting brochures "How to Use Your Hair Combs" and "The Art of Hairdressing".



WOODTONS, Hair Artists, Dept. 611, 1 SW. CH.

2/-

It IS so Comfy!



Comfort is one well-appreciated feature of the "Liberty Bodice" Knitted Fabric for Children. It is, in addition, an extremely healthy garment, both for the free expansion it allows for movement in exercises or games, and its hygienic device for suspending all weight of under-clothing from the shoulders. Made in WHITE as well as NATURAL.

MABEL BRYANT (International Hockey Player for several years) "I find your 'Liberty Bodice' the most comfortable bodice I have ever worn when taking part in games and gymnastics. I can strongly recommend it to any sportsman who does not wear corsets." Write TO-DAY for the FREE "Liberty Bodice" Book.

"Liberty Bodice"

(Knitted Fabric)

Prices for Boys and Girls: 1 to 3 years 1/3d.; 4 to 6 years, 1/6d.; 7 to 12 years, 1/9d. Also for Young Ladies, 1/11d.; Small, Medium and Women's (deep fitting), 3/11d. Large and Outsize, 4/6d. If obtainable in your district, send Postal Order.

FREE

Real Imported Japanese Fans presented to child on wearing the Bodice. All you have to do is to write a few lines and send them to us. We will send you a little reward in return. Write to us at once.

Write to: THE "LIBERTY" BODICE, Dept. 60, Market Harborough.

P.F.

PAT-A-CAKE

The People's Favourite

About 60 Biscuits to the Pound.
Popular Price.

Made by Peek Frean

S.A.S. 2.



Beauty-Giving Oil from the East.

Palm Oil from the East, mixed with Olive Oil from the groves of Italy and Spain, saponified by a special process—result:—PALMOLIVE—the soap that makes the complexion charming, the skin so delightfully soft, lovely and healthy.

The beautifying virtues of these oils enabled women centuries ago to retain their good looks until long past the age when, without them, wrinkles and other facial blemishes would have made them look old—to-day these virtues are amplified in PALMOLIVE.

PALMOLIVE

is not only the purest of pure soaps—it is something more. In its creamy lather will be found all the skin-health giving qualities that face creams and skin foods are said to possess.

PALMOLIVE keeps the pores of the skin free from dirt, yet charged with nutriment, consequently PALMOLIVE beauty is natural beauty—the beauty that pleases.

There is no artificial colouring or free alkali in PALMOLIVE. Its delicate pale green appearance is due to the perfect saponification of the vegetable oils of which it is composed.

There is nothing better for the skin than PALMOLIVE.

A liberal sample can be had free, or a large cake of PALMOLIVE can be purchased at the chemists' for 6d., or will be sent post free on receipt of six penny stamps with name and address.

The B. J. JOHNSON SOAP CO.,
124, Holborn, London, E.C.

THE LAST THING AT NIGHT.

DR. RIDGES PATENT COOKED FOOD is available. It soothes the nerves, warms the body and promotes refreshing sleep. It is more digestible than cocoa, and will not cause biliousness. Ask your chemist for a 6d. or 1/- tin and try it tonight.

Doctors Recommend It Everywhere.

DR. RIDGE'S FOOD



Beautiful Hands

A few drops of the new toilet requisite—Ess Viotto—rubbed into the hands makes and keeps them beautifully white and soft in all weathers. Quite free from grease and stickiness.

In 4s., 2s., & 1s. bottles of all Chemists and Stores. If unobtainable will be sent post free by H. Brounley & Co., Ltd., Acion Vale, London, W.

Ess Viotto

NO "ARMOUR-PLATE" ABOUT THE WAIST.

"Burden of Clothes" Much Lighter This Season, with Fewer and Thinner Bones in Corsets.

ALBERT HALL DISPLAY.

There is good news this season for women who wish to be smartly dressed, yet who sometimes complain of the burden of clothes, for the striking note of many of the new modes is that dress is to be lighter.

No woman, whatever confidence may be inspired by the knowledge that, to the outward world, she is fashionably attired, can be really at ease if she carries about a great heavy corset which, instead of giving, as often supposed, added support and grace, merely pulls the figure out of shape. Yet many women make this mistake.

Everything is combining this season to make corsets lighter. In the first place the materials are lighter, fine batiste, in cotton and silk, and Milanese being prime favourites. Then the corsets are to be more lightly boned, the bones to be not only thinner, but fewer in number.

Thirdly, the corset, as explained in yesterday's *Daily Mirror*, will this year fit the figure, preserving the natural lines instead of compressing them into an artificial shape. This, in itself, contributes largely to the lightness of the new mode.

The science of corseting, and the primary laws which women must obey if they are to dress with proper regard to fashion, comfort, and health, will be explained by experts at the great *Daily Mirror* Dress Matinee next Wednesday at the Albert Hall.

The women experts of the Sandow Corset

TWO TYPICAL WOMEN BARRISTERS.



Women practise at the bar in the United States, and the two young ladies seen above, who have recently gained the right to plead in the courts, seem to be trying hard to acquire the sort of expression that befits judges. On the left is Miss Hoffman, and right, Miss Minock. They intend to practise in Chicago.

Company tell me that women often enter our parlours wearing corsets of far greater weight than the build of their wearers justifies, and they are, in addition, much too heavily boned," said Mr. Eugen Sandow, professor in this branch of *The Daily Mirror* academy of shopping.

"Some actually wear corsets with as many as forty great bones; what they carry about their waists suggests the armour-plate of a battleship. This not only spoils entirely the effect of beautiful gowns, but it is dangerous to health."

"Yet," says Mr. Sandow, "women who wear these 'implements of the star chamber' frequently imagine they are practically dispensing with corsets altogether."

THRICE AS LONG AND NO HEAVIER.

It must come as glad news to these martyrs that, owing to the general scheme of lightness this season, it is quite easy to design a corset of as much as 28in. to 30in. in depth, giving perfect support—yielding to the figure instead of going against it—in no greater weight than some of the old-fashioned heavy contrivances, about nine inches deep, which are no more than torturous waistbands.

But the causerie on corseting, illustrated with living models forms only one item in the programme for Wednesday afternoon's Dress Matinee. There is to be one of the most wonderful displays of new gowns ever brought together in Paris or London, worn by an army of beautiful mannequins, who will parade along a wide promenade which

CHILDREN HATE CASTOR OIL AND PILLS.

"California Syrup of Figs" Best for Tender Stomach, Liver, Bowels—Tastes Delicious.

Look back at your childhood days. Remember the "dose" mother insisted on—castor oil or pills. How you hated them! How you fought against taking them!

With our children it's different. Mothers who claim to do it the old-fashioned way simply don't realize what they do. The children's revolt is well founded. Their tender little "insides" are injured by drastic purgatives.

If your child's stomach, liver and bowels need cleansing, give only delicious "California Syrup of Figs." Its action is positive, but gentle. Millions of mothers keep this harmless "fruit laxative" handy; they know that children love to take it; and that it never fails to clean the liver and bowels, and sweeten the stomach. A teaspoonful given today saves a child from a bilious attack to-morrow.

Ask your chemist for a bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," which has full directions for babies, children of all ages, and for grown-ups plainly on each bottle. Beware of counterfeits sold here. See that it is made by "California Fig Syrup Company." California Syrup of Figs is sold by all chemists, 1s. 1½d. and 1s. 9d. Refuse any other kind with contempt.—(Adv.)

is being projected right across the arena of the Royal Albert Hall.

The names of the creators—artists in dress who are famous throughout the world—will be thrown on a screen, with a description of the dress, as each new gown makes its appearance.

Musical accompaniments, by Herr Wurm's famous Viennese orchestra, will synchronise with the colour harmonies of the gowns, musical motifs having been selected to emphasise the distinctive character of each successive creation.

SPLENDID MUSICAL PROGRAMME.

Here are some of the famous dancers and singers who will contribute to the afternoon's entertainment of *The Daily Mirror* guests:

Miss Marie Bartl. First appearance in London this season of the well-known American actress prima donna from the Manhattan Opera House.
Miss Phyllis Bechell, premiere danseuse, from the Empire Theatre, who will present a special dance.
Miss Dorothy Anderson, the South African contralto.
Miss Elise Kahn, mezzo-soprano.
Mlle. Fritz De Dera, Hungarian classical dancer.

Readers of *The Daily Mirror* (women only) who wish to be present at this delightful matinee should not delay in making their applications for tickets for reserved seats. These will be sent, free of

"DAILY MIRROR" DEMONSTRATIONS

FRIDAY NEXT.—"All the new colours and new Dress and Silk Materials of the Season." At Messrs. Wallis's, Holborn-circuit, E.C., at 3 p.m. Practical lessons in dyeing by Mr. R. W. Sindall, F.C.S. No tickets necessary.

WEDNESDAY NEXT.—Dress Matinee, Royal Albert Hall, 3 p.m. Parade of the newest creations of London and Paris. Exposition of the science of corseting. Programme of music and dancing. Write to-day for free tickets to *The Daily Mirror* Offices, Boulevard-street, London, E.C.

charge, in the order in which requests are received *The Daily Mirror* Offices, Boulevard-street, E.C. Envelopes should be marked "Dress Matinee" in the top left-hand corner.

FROM FIBRE TO FABRIC.

Model Looms and Dye Pots to Illustrate Friday's Demonstration.

Some unexplored fields will be opened up to the woman shopper by this week's lecture-demonstration in connection with *The Daily Mirror* academy of shopping.

The subject is "The New Colours and the New Dress Materials of the Season," and it takes place at 3 p.m. next Friday at Messrs. Wallis's, Holborn-circuit, E.C. All women readers are invited, and no tickets are necessary.

The fascinating story of the fabric will be unfolded by one of the most prominent authorities in the laboratory of dress, Mr. R. W. Sindall, F.C.S., who knows every secret in the evolution of fabric and colour. He is the man who can answer, some-

"DAILY MIRROR" BEAUTIES.—No. 122.



A dark-haired smiling beauty. Prizes of £10 and 100 books will be awarded to those sending in the most complete lists of names of the originals with the best summary of their merits at the end of the twenty-six weeks during which the portraits appear.—(Dover Street Studios.)

times at a glance, at others by analytical examination, all the problems of scientific students of shop ping, such as:—

What is the exact degree of durability?
Will the material spot? Will it fade?
Will it crease? Will it stretch?
Is the colour fast—how can I tell?

Besides giving a remarkable display of perfectly new materials and striking new colours, the expert will illustrate his causerie with model looms and dye-pots, showing the romantic story of dress "from Fibre to Fabric."

How many women know, for instance, that artificial silk is merely wood, and that great forests in Newfoundland are bought up to make "silk" sports' coats, motor scarves, caps, braids and millinery trimmings?

It will be shown how differences in texture are brought about by all sorts of conditions, how wool and cotton behave in a strikingly different manner with dyes, and why it is that colours often run when sent to the laundry.



If people

who have not yet used Odol had any idea of its marvellous effects, they would become en-

thusiastic supporters of Odol, as thousands and thousands of people already are.

Price 1/6 per flask, of Chemists, Stores and Perfumers everywhere. (Large size (more economical), 2/6.)

INDIAN COTTON CURTAINS



3 YARDS BY 1½ YARDS

Hand-block printed by natives. Fast colours on good quality cotton grounds. 4/6 EACH. Carriage paid for 4/10. For Curtains, Couch Covers and Bedspreads. Many designs and sizes in stock.

LIBERTY & CO. LTD.
REGENT ST. LONDON & PARIS

PAN YAN PICKLE

The Great Digestive Appetiser.

Spring, Summer, Autumn and Winter it is always in season, and improves every seasonable dish.

DELICIOUS WITH BREAD AND CHEESE.

OF ALL GROCERS EVERYWHERE. Cut out this advertisement and send with 1d. stamp, for postage, and sample will be forwarded.

Maconochie Bros., Ltd.
London, E.

WHITELEY'S

KILDARE CLUB

CYCLES

£3:19:6

12 MONTHLY
PAYMENTS OF 6/8

Splendidly built and well finished,
Dunlop Cambridge Tyres, Perry Chain,
and Free Wheel, nicely lined. British
Built Throughout.

RALEIGHS
HUDSONS
SWIFTS
HUMBERS
SINGERS
JAMES

MOTOR
CYCLES
and
CYCLE CARS
BY EASY
PAYMENTS
at 2% extra.
£1 in £50.

Our Kildare Club Models are sound,
honest value, and are supplied by
Easy Payments at the Cash Prices,
without one penny extra charge for
the 12 months' credit. Whiteleys
are the only firm in the British Isles
offering such.

WONDERFUL EASY
PAYMENT TERMS

SEND FOR CATALOGUE AT ONCE.
Carriage Paid throughout United Kingdom.

WM. WHITELEY, Ltd.,
Queen's Road, London, W.

Please mention "Daily Mirror."

Diabetes

Simple Herb Quickly Cures This
Dread Disease to Stay Cured.

Diabetes has heretofore been considered incurable, and the only hope held out to the afflicted has been to prolong their years by strict dieting.

A plant recently discovered in Mexico, called Diabetol Herb, has been found to be a specific in the treatment of diabetes, quickly reducing the specific gravity and sugar, restoring vigour, and building up the system.

This harmless vegetable remedy will relieve the patient of his worst symptoms in the most aggravated cases within a week, and to prove it we will post the first 2s. 6d. package for 1s. with free booklet of special value to the diabetic, containing latest diet list and exclusive table of food values, giving percentage of starch and sugar (carbohydrates) in 250 different foods.

Tell your afflicted friends of this offer, and send 1s. to-day for a full-sized 2s. 6d. package; AMES CHEMICAL CO. (Dept. 1 A), 8, Boulevard-street, London, E.C. You may purchase Diabetol at ordinary retail prices of Boots and other chemists.—(Advt.)

LUNTIN MIXTURE



6d. per ounce; 2/- Quarter Pound Tins.
THOMSON & PORTEOUS,
EDINBURGH.
Manufacturers of the above and also
ALDERWOOD MIXTURE 5 1/2d.
PER OUNCE
TWO HOURS MIXTURE
PER OUNCE 5d.

THE STRIKE ABOUT A "KID."



Procession of girls employed as boxmakers at a Millwall factory who have come out on strike. They object to work beside a girl fifteen years of age on the ground that she is a "kid."

GRIM TERRORS OF PERUVIAN VALE.

Explorers Who Were Harassed by
Vampires and Ants.

HOWLING MONKEYS.

After eleven months' exploration and scientific work in the unknown swamps and forests of Peru, together with a visit to the lost cities of the Incas, Captain J. Campbell Besley has just arrived in London from South America.

Captain Besley told *The Daily Mirror* yesterday some of the most exciting incidents of his travels. His story is more weird than any possible work of fiction.

On their journey to discover the source of the River Amazon they passed through the Chanchamayo Valley, which was "a hot-bed of the most awful insects." There were swarms of biting flies and millions of huge ants—some of them over an inch long.

"If you tried to get them off your clothes," said Captain Besley, "they clung with the tenacity of crawfish."

WORLD'S GREATEST RIVER.

"Another constant annoyance in the early evening were the vampire bats which flew out of the caves just at dusk and bit the horses. One of my party had his toes badly bitten by the bats while he was asleep.

"Mr. George Sharpe, an American mining engineer, who was accompanying me, was bitten by an insect or reptile or something in this horrible place.

"His legs turned purple and he subsequently died—probably the result of the bite."

Captain Besley went on to speak of the source of the mighty River Amazon, where, after many hardships, they eventually arrived.

"There were just three little rivulets trickling down the side of a snow-capped mountain," he said. "That was the beginning of the biggest river in the world!"

For weeks at a time the explorers had to live on monkey flesh, fish, and boiled green bananas, and they had to endure the ear-splitting shrieks of "howling" and "whistling" monkeys.

POOR AND BARRISTERS' PANEL.

There are to be panel barristers as well as panel doctors, according to a scheme which is now under consideration.

The object of the scheme is to enable poor litigants in civil cases to obtain greater legal aid than is now possible.

Those availing themselves of it will have no fees to pay and will only be expected to refund the out-of-pocket expenses incurred by solicitors on their behalf, but only then if litigants have the means of paying.

In addition to benefiting poor litigants, the scheme will provide cases for briefless barristers.

TO PHOTOGRAPH COLLECTORS.

Copies of *The Daily Mirror* photographs can be obtained at the following charges:—

6in. by 4in. unmounted or mounted	1s. 0d.
6in. by 6in. unmounted or mounted	1s. 6d.
10in. by 6in. unmounted	2s. 0d.
10in. by 6in. mounted	2s. 6d.
12in. by 10in. unmounted	2s. 0d.
12in. by 10in. mounted	2s. 6d.

Apply, indicating the photograph required and enclosing postal order crossed "Cutts and Co." to the Manager, Photo Sales Department, *The Daily Mirror*, 23-29, Boulevard-street, E.C.

"FIVE-TAILED LASH."

Doctor's Action Against Countess Who
Charged Him with Flogging Boys.

Charges against a doctor of using a "five-tailed lash" on infirm boys formed the ground of a libel action brought yesterday before Mr. Justice Scrutton by Mr. W. J. C. Keats, medical superintendent of Camberwell Infirmary, against Mrs. Bracy-Wright, known as the Countess de Lournet. The alleged libel appeared in an election address published by the Countess.

In the Countess's election circular, said counsel, was quoted an extract from a London publication which alleged that Mr. Keats had flogged boys in the Camberwell Infirmary with a "five-tailed lash," and that the Countess had raised the matter at a meeting of the Board of Guardians.

As a matter of fact, said counsel, the guardians approved the doctor's action, which was necessary to maintain discipline.

Mr. Keats explained in evidence that he punished four boys last year by striking them with a piece of string folded five times. The boys were all convalescent, and the punishment was necessary owing to their unruly behaviour.

One boy once ran away in his night-clothes and the others were guilty of rudeness to nurses and of tampering with the electric light switches.

Mr. Keats added: The string he used on these boys he had used on his own child.

Cross-examined, Mr. Keats said it was not true that the boy who tried to escape did so because he had been threatened with a flogging.

The hearing was adjourned.

LEARNS SECRET OF BEING SLENDER FROM HER MAID.

A Stone of Fat Melts Away From Her
Hips and Abdomen by Outward
Application of a Few
Simple Herbs.

"A month ago I would have done almost anything to take off the rolls of fat which had collected on my hips and abdomen, and made me look old at 32. Yet I was afraid to dose myself with drugs which might be harmful, and should have probably gone on getting fatter and fatter, instead of regaining the slender, graceful figure I possess to-day, had it not been for a simple, harmless herb recipe which I learned from my new maid.

"Having seen her previous mistress save herself from the same fate which then confronted me—of becoming hopelessly fat and hideous—she suggested getting from the chemist one dram of quassia chips and three ounces of cirola bark extract, which I did at slight cost. 'First you put the quassia chips in a pan,' she said, 'and pour over them a teacupful of boiling water. When it has stood for about a minute, strain through a cloth and add the cirola bark extract. Then pour the mixture into a bottle and apply it every night and morning with your hands for five or ten minutes, using a circular movement.'"

"It was so easy to make that I did it myself. Each night I rubbed the mixture freely over my hips and abdomen, and within a few days I could see that the fat was actually melting away. I continued in this same way for nearly three weeks, and by that time I had lost over a stone of useless flesh, and happily it was all from the places where it showed most. Now I cannot help but feel that the simple herb remedies are after all the best, and I know that other women will be glad to learn the secret which, though I could learn from such a humble source, proved so precious to me.—GERMAINE BETOURNE."

TAKE OUT YOUR WRINKLES WITH
CREME TOKALON, the new disappearing
French toilet cream. At all leading stores.—(Advt.)

GERMS MAKE HARMLESS.

Rich, red blood is the power that keeps the human body in order. Every day many germs of disease enter our bodies, but they are made harmless and passed off if the fighting forces of the body are in good condition. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills build up the blood, enable it to absorb more oxygen, the agent which burns up the body poisons. In this way Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are not only a tonic but a specific for the host of diseases that come as a result of thin blood and that can get a foot-hold only when the tone of the body is low.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills make the blood rich and red, and strengthen the nerves.

Mr. W. Dalton, of 29, Albert-street, Swindon, states: "At one time I felt badly out of sorts; my stomach was disturbed and I had no appetite. I took aperients, but was soon in dreadful pain, and had to stop in bed. I became icy cold and a numbness spread up my feet and legs. Doctors said that my blood had become impure with poisons rooted in my system. For five months I was in this plight.

Then I started taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Thanks to a few boxes of these Pills, my appetite returned and my blood was purified, all poison was expelled, and I have never had any return of the trouble."

Try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for anaemia, rheumatism, neuralgia, nervousness, sciatica. Build up your blood and note how the purer and richer blood fights your battle through the disease. Take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills as a tonic if you are not in the best physical condition and cultivate a resistance that, with the observance of ordinary rules of health, will keep you well and strong. Get a box from the nearest dealer and begin this treatment now, send direct to Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., 46 Holborn Viaduct, London, post free, 2s. 9d. a box, or 13s. 9d. for six boxes.

A booklet, on common ailments and how to treat them, is free for the asking. Address a postcard at once to Offer Dept., 46 Holborn Viaduct, London.—(Advt.)

Try This Home-Made Cough Remedy

Costs Little, but Does the Work
Quickly, or Money Refunded.

Mix one and a half breakfast cups of granulated sugar with one breakfast cup of hot water, and stir for two minutes. Put 2loz. of Pinex (costing about 2s. 9d.) in a bottle and add the sugar syrup. Take two teaspoonful every two hours.

You will find that this simple remedy takes hold of a cough more quickly than anything else you ever used. Usually ends a deep-seated cough inside of 24 hours. Splendid, too, for colds, influenza, whooping-cough, croup, chest pains, bronchitis, lung and throat troubles.

This recipe makes more and better cough syrup than you could buy ready made for 12s. 6d. It keeps perfectly and tastes good. Children like it.

Pinex, as perhaps you know, is the most valuable form of genuine Norway Pine extract, rich in gualiacol, which is so healing to the membranes. This plan has proved so popular that it is often imitated though never successfully.

A guarantee of absolute satisfaction, or money promptly refunded, goes with this recipe. Your chemist has Pinex, or can easily get it for you.—(Advt.)

Five Sizes

1d., 2d.,
4d., 6d.
and 1s.



—each size the finest value that good money can buy. Because Meltonian Paste more than pays for itself in the money it saves you by saving your boots—from hardening, from cracking, and from divers other ills; and it keeps them at their brightest all their long life!

MELTONIAN BOOT PASTE

Try a small size to start with—you can run no risk at all events.

Sold at all Stores, etc. If you have any difficulty send a postcard for the name of your nearest retailer. E. BROWN & SONS (Dept. 5), Garrick Street, London.

LAST FEW DAYS.
EXHIBITION CLOSES
ON THE 21st INST.
DON'T MISS THIS
GRAND OPPORTU-
NITY OF SEEING THE
FINEST ARRAY OF
LABOUR-SAVING DE-
VICES EVER GOT
TOGETHER.

GAMAGE'S GREAT EXHIBITION

OF EVERYTHING FOR SPRING-CLEANING.

DEMONSTRATIONS DAILY, INCLUDING THE FOLLOWING :

IT MATTERS NOT WHERE YOU LIVE

but it does matter how your home is decorated. Let the walls, the woodwork, the doors, the stair-treads be a picture of cosiness by reason of purity and harmony of the colour scheme. This is only possible by using

RIPOLIN PAINT

which not only protects but beautifies.
Ask your Decorator.

See RIPOLIN at Gamage's
Spring Cleaning Exhibition.



The Easiest Way to Polish Floors

You can keep your Lino and polished floors spotlessly clean by using a "LIN-O-RUB" Floor Polisher a few minutes each day. The "LIN-O-RUB" does away with kneeling and scrubbing, and brings a clean, glossy surface.

"LIN-O-RUB" Floor Cleanser and Polisher

Lightens Labour. Saves Time. Lengthens the Life of your Lino.

No. 1. Medium Size	Green Varnished Handle 30ins. long.	4/6
No. 2. Large Size	Red Enamelled Handle. 30ins. long.	6/11
No. 3. Medium Size	Stained Yellow Handle, 30ins. long.	1/6

SEE THE O-CEDAR EXHIBIT.
The hard work of house-cleaning dusting and polishing becomes a dream of the past when you have an



It puts an end for ever to the constant getting down on your knees, also the back-breaking stoop to clean, dust and polish your lino and stained floors. Just imagine an apparatus that dusts, cleans, polishes and disinfects at the same moment without hard rubbing! THE O-CEDAR POLISH MOP is impregnated with O-Cedar polish—padded to protect furniture, and when very dirty can be cleaned by washing with soap and water and made new by adding a few drops of O-Cedar Polish when quite dry.



A. W. GAMAGE, Ltd., HOLBORN, LONDON, E.C.

"TIZ" Gladdens Sore, Tired Feet

"TIZ cured my tender, aching,
puffed-up, perspiring feet and corns.
O, Joy!"

"Happy!
Happy!
Use TIZ."



TIZ makes sore, burning, tired feet fairly dance with delight. Away go the aches and pains, the corns, hard skin, blisters, bunions and chibblains.

TIZ draws out the acids and poisons that puff up your feet. No matter how hard you work, how long you dance, how far you walk, or how long you remain on your feet, TIZ brings restful foot comfort. TIZ is magical, grand, wonderful for tired, aching, swollen, smarting feet. Ah! how comfortable, how happy you feel. Your feet just tingle for joy, shins never hurt or seem tight. Get a 1s. 11d. box of TIZ now from any chemist's or stores. End foot torture for ever—wear smaller shoes, keep your feet fresh, sweet and happy. Just think! a whole year's foot comfort for only 1s. 11d.

RINGS
Wedding, Keeper,
Engagement.
Single Ring at Wholesale
Price.
This magnificent 18ct. gold Govern-
ment Hall-Marked Ring, 5 fine Dia-
monds, claw setting **£2 15s.**
post free
Send for Illustrated Catalogue B.
T. PICKFORD & CO.,
241-3, Old Street, E.C. Est. 1839.

SELFRIDGE'S

OXFORD ST., LONDON, W.

FIFTH ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATIONS.

WE mark our sense of the importance of this event in our history by publishing interesting letters from H.S.H. Prince Alexander of Teck, and Herr Rudolph Hertzog, of Berlin, together with fine full-page cartoons by Messrs. Joseph Simpson, S. E. Scott, J. Hassall, L. Hocknell, and Spencer Pryse, in the following papers:

Daily Telegraph
Daily Mail
Daily Express
Daily News

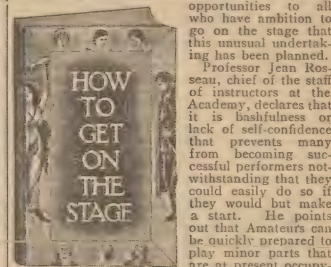
Paris Daily Mail
Daily Graphic
and
The Standard

SELFRIDGE & CO., LIMITED.

How to Get on the Stage.

"Thousands have talent and do not know it."
Free distribution of remarkable book
that reveals the real secret of
success on the stage.

The International Dramatic Academy has donated £2,000 for the publication and distribution of a remarkably clever and interesting book which, for the first time in the history of the theatrical profession, fully reveals the inside secrets and workings of stage craft. The directors of the Academy believe that thousands upon thousands of people of all ages possess talent that is daily being wasted in far less lucrative and dignified callings; and it is with the object of opening opportunities to all who have ambition to go on the stage that this unusual undertaking has been planned.



Professor Jean Rosseau, chief of the staff of instructors at the Academy, declares that it is bashfulness or lack of self-confidence that prevents many from becoming successful performers notwithstanding that they could easily do so if they would but make a start. He points out that Americans can be quickly prepared to play minor parts that are at present occupying the attention of experienced artists, and that such a procedure would result in the discovery and development of many a genius who would otherwise go through life in obscurity.

The new book, entitled "How to Get on the Stage," contains information that will enable anyone to judge whether he or she possesses the necessary inherent qualifications to ensure success. No matter what your station in life; no matter how young or old you may be; no matter how incapable your friends or relatives may think you are, if you are interested in the stage and dramatic art, do not fail to write at once for a copy of "How to Get on the Stage." Write now before the edition for free distribution is exhausted. You will be amazed at the revelations and wealth of information from "behind the scenes." Critics who have read extracts from the book agree that it is practically "a key to the stage door." Even the artist with a considerable experience can glean points from this book well worth while.

Address your request for a free copy to the International Dramatic Academy (Desk 38-A), No. 177A, High Street, Kensington, London, W. Simply say you would like a free copy of "How to Get on the Stage." No money need be sent, but those who wish to do so may enclose 2d. (stamps) to help defray cost of postage, etc.—(Adv.)

Secrets of Beauty.

SELECTED RECIPES FROM HERE AND THERE—THINGS EVERY WOMAN WANTS TO KNOW.

The Magnetism of Beautiful Hair.

"Applied Arts."

Beautiful hair adds immensely to the personal magnetism of both men and women. Attractive and smart women are ever on the look-out for any harmless thing that will increase the natural beauty of their hair. The latest method is to use pure stallax as a shampoo on account of the peculiar glossy, fluffy and wavy effect which it leaves. As stallax has never been used much for this purpose it comes to the chemist only in flasks sealed original packages, enough for twenty-five or thirty shampoos. A teaspoonful of the fragrant stallax granules, dissolved in a cup of hot water, is more than sufficient for each shampoo. It is very beneficial and stimulating to the hair, apart from its beautifying effect.

Permanently Removing Superfluous Hair.

"Toilet Gossip."

How to permanently, not merely temporarily, remove a downy growth of disfiguring superfluous hair is what many women wish to know. It is a pity that it is not more generally known that pure powdered phenol, obtainable from the chemist, may be used for this purpose. It is applied directly to the objectionable hair. The recommended treatment not only instantly removes the hair, leaving no trace, but is designed also to kill the roots completely.

Home Beauty Aids.

"Household Hints."

A persistently shiny nose or a dull lifeless complexion drives many a woman to cosmetics and consequent despair. And all the time a simple remedy lies at hand in the home. If you have no dandruff in the house you need only get about an ounce from your chemist and add just sufficient water to dissolve it. A little of this simple lotion is Nature's own beautifier. It is very good for the skin and instantly gives the complexion a soft, velvety, youthful bloom that any woman might envy. It lasts all day or evening, renders powdering entirely unnecessary, and absolutely defies detection.

To Have Smooth, White Skin all through the Winter.

"Boudoir Gossip."

Does your skin chap or roughen easily, or become muddy red or blotchy? Let me tell you a quick and easy way to overcome the trouble and keep your complexion beautifully white, smooth and soft. Just get some ordinary mercurised wax at the chemist and use a little before retiring as you would use cold cream. The wax, through some peculiar action, breaks off the rough discoloured or blemished skin. The worn out cuticle comes off just like dandruff on a diseased scalp only in almost invisible particles. Mercurised wax simply hastens Nature's work, which is the rational and proper way to attain a perfect complexion, so much sought after, but very seldom seen. The process is perfectly simple and quite harmless.

PARKER BELMONT'S CLYNOL BERRIES FOR OBESITY.—(Adv.)

THICK, GLOSSY HAIR FREE FROM DANDRUFF

Girls! Try it! Your hair gets soft, fluffy and luxuriant at once.

If you care for heavy hair, that glistens with beauty and is radiant with life, has an incomparable softness and is fluffy and lustrous, try Danderine. Just one application doubles the beauty of your hair, besides immediately dissolving every particle of dandruff; you cannot have nice, heavy, healthy hair if you have dandruff. This destructive scurf robs the hair of its lustre, its strength and its very life, and if not overcome it produces a feverishness and itching of the scalp; the hair roots fester, loosen and die; then the hair falls out fast. If your hair has been neglected and is thin, faded, dry, scraggy or too oily, get a 1½ lb. bottle of Knowlton's Danderine at any Chemist; apply a little as directed, and ten minutes after you will say this was the best investment you ever made. We sincerely believe, regardless of everything else advertised, that Danderine is the best, the most beautiful hair and lots of it—no dandruff—no itching scalp and no more falling hair—you must use Knowlton's Danderine. If eventually—why not now?—(Adv.)

THIS MORNING'S NEWS ITEMS.

To-morrow's Vote of Censure.

Mr. Bonar Law's vote of censure regarding the Government's Ulster concessions will be taken in the House of Commons to-morrow.

But Smokers Need Not Fear.

Lord Newton introduced in the House of Lords yesterday the Smoke Abatement Bill, and it was read a first time.

Collier's Fatal 1,200ft. Fall.

By falling down a shaft 400 yards deep, John Hatton, a bankman, was killed yesterday at Hulton Colliery.

Mrs. Churchill's Sister Loops Loop.

Miss Nelly Hozier, sister of Mrs. Winston Churchill, looped the loop four times yesterday with Mr. Hamel at Hendon.

Merry England Again.

The London County Council have agreed to arrange dances on bank holidays at various open spaces, last year's experiment at Hampstead Heath having given great pleasure to holiday visitors.

Star Lessons for Teachers.

Among the classes proposed for the benefit of London County Council teachers in 1914-15 are lectures on the heavenly bodies and bird life in London and courses on folk dances and songs.

£40,000 Widening.

At a cost of £40,000 the London County Council decided last night to widen Albert Embankment.

The Prince on the Continent.

The Prince of Wales arrived at Copenhagen last night, and after dinner attended a performance of "Faust" at the Royal Theatre.

Motor-Car Falls Tree.

Knocking down a tree and standard, a motor-car crashed into a shop window in Kingsway yesterday, the driver escaping unhurt.

"White Wolf" Brigands Kill 1,500.

"White Wolf" brigands have, says Reuter, killed 1,500 and wounded 4,000 inhabitants at Lao-ho-Ku, China.

Nineteen Men Buried Under Debris.

The wall of the ruins of the Missouri Athletic Club collapsed yesterday, says a New York cable, and nineteen missing workmen are believed to be under the debris.

Criminal Lunatic's £50,000.

A sum of £50,000 has been left by a man who died recently in Broadmoor Criminal Lunatic Asylum, where he had been sent more than twenty years ago for shooting with intent to murder.

TORTURED IN MEXICO.



Clemente Vergara, the American, who was put to death in Mexico. When the body of Vergara was taken to the gallows, the man was in a state of extreme nervousness and was unable to stand.

POSTMAN'S WATERPROOF BOOTS.



A postman at Chertsey, who, on account of the floods, has been given a pair of waterproof boots by the Post Office. He is seen wading through the water to deliver letters.

STOCKS AND SHARES.

Markets Worried by Ulster—Rubber Dividend Passed.

9, BISHOPSGATE, E.C. There are still no signs of a revival in the Stock Exchange. Recently it was foreign politics that were causing all the anxiety, now Ulster is the most potent factor.

Consols yesterday reflected the anxiety over the Ulster outlook with a fresh relapse of 3-16 to 75 1/16, and markets as a whole remained idle and depressed.

The latest Rubber company to feel the effect of the severe fall in the price of the product during the past year is the Cheviot, the shareholders in which, after receiving 10 per cent. for 1912, are now to go dividendless. The report, just to hand, shows a balance of £7,641, and after paying £3,000 to reserve, the balance of £4,641 is carried forward.

Among Newspaper prices Amalgamated Press Ordinary and Preference were again quoted at 5½ and 22s. respectively, while Associated Newspaper Ordinary and Preference remained at 2s. 3d. and 22s., and Pictorial Newspaper Ordinary and Preference were 23s. and 19s.

LEFT SHILLING TO HIS WIDOW.

The plea that a testator was of unsound mind was the basis of an action in the Probate Court yesterday when Sir Samuel Evans began the hearing of an action concerning the estate of David Nathaniel Osment, of Harringay, retired builder, who died in May, 1913, leaving a will and codicil of the same date, March 8, 1913. Plaintiffs, as executors, propounded these documents, which were opposed by the defendants, William Osment, a brother, and the widow, Mrs. Florence Osment, on the ground that the deceased at the time was not of sound mind, owing to chronic alcoholism and epilepsy. Defendants set up a will of August 21, 1912. Deceased, said counsel, left £7,700, and under the will set up by the defendants the widow was left £30. Under the last will the widow was bequeathed 1s., his solicitor, Mr. M. J. Jarvis, £1,000, to testator's friend Sam Child £2,000, and the residue to the children of testator's brother Robert. There was no question that he drank to excess at times. The hearing was adjourned.

CARUSO'S £600 A NIGHT.

New York, March 17.—It is announced that under the terms of a new contract into which he has entered with the Metropolitan Opera House, Signor Caruso will receive £600 for each performance at which he sings.

The contract does not become effective until the season after next, when it is computed that Signor Caruso will receive a total of £40,000.—Central News.

"LET THEM DIE."

London Doctor's Remarkable Letter on Punishment of Suffragettes.

A short and drastic way of killing the militant movement of suffragettes is advocated by Dr. Charles A. Mercier, physician for mental diseases to Charing Cross Hospital.

"Let them die," he suggests. Just as in the days of Tyburn and Newgate life was grossly under-valued, so to-day its value is set too high.

"Everyone agrees," writes Dr. Mercier to *The Times*, "that the silly crimes of the militant suffragettes should be stopped, and that the measures hitherto adopted are futile. Surely it is time that other measures were tried."

"The criminals nullify the action of the law by attempting to starve themselves, and the authorities, dreading the outcry that they suppose would follow the death of one of the criminals in prison, give way and liberate them."

"I think the authorities are mistaken in supposing there would be any considerable outcry. I believe the general verdict would be 'Serve her right.' It is certain that public opinion is rapidly hardening in this direction."

"I suggest that the value of human lives is as much over-estimated now as it was under-estimated 100 years ago."

"The systematic and successful defiance of the law is a menace to the life of the nation. If it were to become general—and it is certainly spreading—society would break up, lawlessness would lead to anarchy, anarchy would end in barbarism. Compared with this result, what are the lives of a few women of questionable sanity and unquestionably folly?"

In conclusion, the doctor argued that if authorities, however, shrink from allowing criminals to inflict upon themselves sentence of death, other remedies, such as proclaiming them as outlaws, could be adopted.

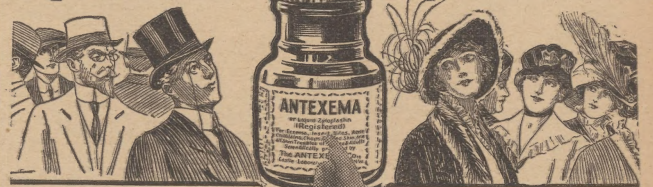
FATHER'S QUEST OF RUNAWAY PAIR

After searching London for several days for his eloping daughter, a Dorsetshire man has learned that the girl and her lover have been located in Paris.

The girl, a village beauty, is but nineteen, while the man is thirty. Because of the disparity of their social position and for other strong reasons the father was anxious to put an end to the acquaintanceship.

The girl left home by train and her admirer by motor-car, and they were afterwards traced to London, though the clues ended at Waterloo. The girl's father hurried to town and began a search of the hotels. For days he watched clubs where the man was known, and, enlisting the services of detectives, he scoured the City and West End for traces of the fugitives.

Important to Skin Sufferers!



Look Smart and Succeed in Life

To succeed in business or society nowadays you must look smart and up-to-date. A skin disfigured by rash, eczema or face spots is dangerous to one's prospects. When a business appointment or promotion takes place, and two candidates are equal in merit, the prize naturally goes to the clear-skinned and healthy-looking. The same in society; a spotless skin wins the popular vote. Medical science has now made it possible for all to have a healthy skin. Sufferers from eczema, pimples, bad hands, barber's rash or facial troubles should know their misery is quite unnecessary, for Antexema cures every skin illness, and soon removes every trace of trouble. Does your skin recommend you? If not, send at once for Free Trial of Antexema, which starts your cure the moment you use it.

Antexema is invisible on the skin, and though such troubles are accompanied by incessant, maddening itching or inflammation, Antexema stops that instantly. The first application gives soothing, cooling ease

and freedom from discomfort, and every day your skin looks more healthy until it is quite well again. Equally good for the various skin ailments of children at any age. You really must try Antexema. You will never be cured till you use it. Therefore send for the Free Trial. Antexema recommends itself far more strongly than we can.

Do your duty to your skin and get Antexema to-day. Supplied by all chemists and stores everywhere. Also of Boots' Cash Chemists, Army and Navy, Civil Service Stores, Harrod's, Selfridge's, Whiteley's, Parkes', Taylor's Drug Co., Timothy White's, and Lewis and Burrows' at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. Also throughout India, Australia, New Zealand, Canada, Africa and Europe.

Send for FREE Home Trial of Antexema

To Antexema, Castle Laboratory, London, N.W. Please send handbook, "Skin Troubles," for which I enclose three penny stamps, also Free Trial of Antexema and Antexema Soap.

NAME

ADDRESS

"Daily Mirror," 18/3/14.

WELLS v. GUNBOAT SMITH

NEWBURY MEETING TO-DAY.

SELECTIONS FOR NEWBURY.

DOUBLE EVENT FOR TO-DAY.
FORTUNE BAY and JACOBUS.*
BOUVERIE.

NEWBURY PROGRAMME.

3.0.-NEWBURY CHASE CUP (a h'cap, 550 sovs! 2m.			
and about 50yds.			
Yrs	st lb	Yrs	st lb
Jacobus	12 7	Noah	5 11 3
Coolgreen	12 5	Marena	6 11 0
Eugenien	6 12 1	Fervent	11 0
Ben a Beg	11 12	Flying Loris	10 11
Distaff	6 11 12	Alfred Noble	10 11
Blockade Runner	5 11 7	Cornogross	6 10 10
Tenbury	5 11 5	Wavespyr	10 7

40.-UNITED SERVICES' CHASE, 125 sovs. 3m.		
	Yrs	lb
Jack Symons	a	13 7
Little Rover	a	12 4
Durran	a	12 0
Clondakin	a	12 0
Major Percy	a	12 0
Fetlar's Pride	a	11 12
Ben Ruadi	a	11 11
Ballymadun	a	11 10
Father	a	11 10
Brother	a	11 8
The Dwarf II.	a	11 6
Waveless	a	11 5
Saturn	a	11 5
Greenher	5	10 11
Flatterer	5	10 10
Shaneracken	6	10 7
Merriel	a	10 8
Jack II.	a	10 8
Molnast	a	10 8

LATEST LONDON BETTING.

LINCOLN HANDICAP.—100 to 9 Aghdoo (t, o), 100 to 8 Tuxedo (t, o), 100 to 7 Mediator (t, o), 100 to 10 Kauka Na Corriza (t, o) and Cuthbert (t, o), 20 Cigar (t, o), 25 Berrillind and Romeo (t, o), 100 to 3 Spanish Prince (t, o), 40 Brancepeth (o).

GRAND NATIONAL.—10 Covercoat and Jacobus, 20 Cattle to 9 Binnacle, 100 to 8 Trianon III (t, o), 20 Cattle to 10.

THE DERBY.—4 The Tetrarch (t. o).

WOLVERHAMPTON RETURNS.

2.0.—MADELEY HURDLE. 2m. — WHEATSHEP (Green). 1; AMERONGEN (Mr. Hall). 2; STING (H. Bond). 3. Also ran: Belted Earl, Conifer, Iron Garter, Cyril and Belford. Betting.—11 to 10 Cyril 5 to 2 Sting, 9 to Belford 100 to 8 Wheatsheaf and others. Head; three (King).

2.30.—STAVELEY CHASE. 5m.—STOKE BOY. Mr. Cottrill. 1; ASTROLOGER (M. Bennett). 2; JENKIN (S. Jones). 3. Also ran: Wingfield and Whitecliffe. Betting.—4 to 9 Stoke Boy, 4 Astrologer, 100 to 5 others Ten; half. (Cottrill).

NOISY GOLF.

At that time he had a low swing (in a way not unlike Braid's), but he abandoned it when he saw what Vardon could do with the upright swing.

Vardon and Taylor ought to be positively rejuvenated by the feel and the click of the putty, and they are already very happy about the prospect of winning putts with it. In all probability the paler charge of the solid ball (and each side will have one round with it) will lose no more than two holes in eighteen, and they might do better than that.

R. E. HOWARD.

TO-DAY'S LEAGUE GAMES.

Newcastle's third game. With such a wealth of talent as their command it seems peculiar for Newcastle to have only two nine matches. However, since the New Year the team have improved wonderfully, but Burnley are playing in remarkable form, and in spite of the match being played at Newcastle the Turf Moor side should prove easy winners. Aston Villa entertain Oldham, and a great game will be seen. The Villa have a chance of championship honour.

SOUTH-EASTERN LEAGUE.—Reading R. v. Woolwich Arsenal R.
LONDON LEAGUE.—Croydon Common R. v. West Ham R.
Crystal Palace R. v. Fulham R.
CHARITY MATCH.—L.G.O. Co. v. Metropolitan Police F Division (at Craven Cottage).
SOUTH-WESTERN LEAGUE.—New Southgate W.C. v. Finchley F.C.

ENGLAND'S LEAGUE TEA

The following team has been chosen to represent the English League against the Scottish League at Burnley on Saturday next—Hardy (Aston Villa); Crompton (Blackburn Rovers) and McNeale (West Bromwich); Barton (Aston Villa); Boyle (Burnley) and McNeal (West Bromwich); Stephenson (West Bromwich); Stephenson (Aston Villa); Peart (Nottingham); Hodgson (Burnley) and Moss crop (Burnley).

All the players selected to represent England against Scotland in the Rugby match at Edinburgh on Saturday next have accepted.

BLAKE TO BOX BORRELL.

After all P. O'Keefe, the middle-weight box

We may now have all the champions now, but boxing has never been more popular in England than it is to-day. We do not specialise in boxing or any sport, and that is just the reason why we do not hold all the professional championships, but we have the best amateur boxing talent in the world.

P. J. MOSS.

INMAN PULLING UP

2,913.

LIGHT WORK BY THE CREWS.

The Light Blues remain warm favourites for the boat race, but Oxford are showing some improvement. Although

LIGHT WORK BY THE CREWS.

Oxford paddled up to Mortlake, turned and dropped down to the Ship to row to Barnes Bridge. Pitman rowed 33 in the first minute and 32 in the second, and reached the bridge in 2m. 34s.

INTER-VARSITY SPORTS

Weight.—E. T. Adams and E. H. Macrae.
* Those marked with an asterisk are American Colonial undergraduates.

CLAPTON ORIENT FINED.

... of the League Management Committee

CLAPTON ORIENT FINED

The protest was lodged on the ground that the match on March 2 was finished in darkness. Scott, the Leeds goalkeeper, after the match stated that he did not see the ball from a long shot which scored the first goal. The referee, however, did not hesitate about allowing the game to continue, and the Management Committee have upheld him.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

The annual parliamentary golf handicap has been arranged to be played over the Prince's course, Sandwich, Kent, on Saturday, May 9. The first two rounds are set for decision on that day, and the remaining rounds are played by

A. F. Wilding won the singles in the international lawn tennis championship tournament at Nice, states, 1-6, beating F. G. Lowe by three sets to one (8-4, 6-4, 1-6, 2-6). Although the Englishman was the more brilliant player, the Australian played the steadier game.

and Nunhead on the ground of the Dulwich Hamlet F.C. on Champion Hill on April 4. The final of the junior cup Carshalton Athletic v. Clapton Warwick or Bostal Heath will be played at Nunhead on Easter Monday.



AFTERNOON TEA

The Cub that Cheers.

A perfect example of the "Cup that Cheers" is to be obtained by using the choice blends of Lipton's Tea—unequalled for aroma and flavour.

Blended to suit the water
of the various districts of the
United Kingdom.

Blended scientifically and weighed and packed by the most up-to-date machinery under conditions of absolute cleanliness.

DRINK and ENJOY

LIPTONS TEA

The Finest the World
can produce **1/9**
Delicious leading blends,
: **I/6** and **I/4**

SAVE THE WRAPPER

Branches & Agencies Everywhere
Please send a Post Card for the Name of
nearest Branch or Agency.

LIPTON Ltd.,
Tea Growers,
CEYLON.

Chief Offices:
CITY ROAD,
LONDON.

WALLPAPERS
AT NON-COMBINE PRICES
DIRECT FROM THE MANUFACTURERS
LARGE OR SMALL QUANTITIES.
A BOOK OF 100 SAMPLES SENT POST FREE.
Write at once to—
BLAKEY, MORRIS & CO., Ltd.,
330, Holloway Road, London, N.



If Men Knew How To
Lather—
They Would Shave With
More Comfort.

COLGATE'S SHAVING STICK

The action of the lather on the beard is to remove the oily covering on each hair. Then the Water can get at the hair to soften it.

So the one logical place to mix the lather is on the face, where every motion of the brush not only works the lather up but works it in. This Colgate Way—without the cup—makes unnecessary the "mussy" rubbing-in with the fingers.



SOLD EVERYWHERE.—If you wish a trial size—enough for a month's use—use the Coupon.

COUPON. "Mirror," 3/18/14. Estd. 1866.
Colgate & Co.,
46, Holborn Viaduct, London.

Please send me a trial size of Colgate's Shaving Stick, in a handsome tickled box. I enclose ad. in stamp, to defray cost of packing and postage.

Name _____
Address _____

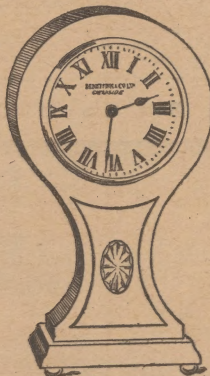
BENETFINK'S

THE CITY MAN'S SHOPPING CENTRE.

1914 is Benetfink's 70th Year of Value-giving.

AN EXTRAORDINARY CLOCK BARGAIN.

Two Years'
Guarantee
With Every
Clock.



8-Day
Movement,
3½ Inch
Dial.

PRICE
16/9
CARRIAGE
PAID.

PRICE
16/9
CARRIAGE
PAID.

Oak or Polished Mahogany. Exceptional appearance. The fashionable Balloon Shape as illustrated. 9½ in. high by 5½ in. wide by 2½ in. deep. Similar Clock with 30-Hour Movement **10/6**

BENETFINK & CO., Ltd., Cheapside, London, E.C.
(THE CLOCK HOUSE).

'Phone: City 6656.

Wire: "Benetfink, London."

MR. FRASER writes: "I HAVE PROVED



CICFA IS THE ONLY CURE FOR INDIGESTION

And All You Say Is True."

NOW READ THE WHOLE STORY TOLD BY
MR. FRASER, OF 53, FURNESS ST., LIVERPOOL.

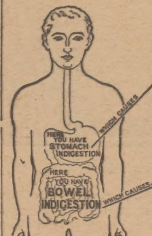
"Dear Sirs,—I suffered with Indigestion for over two years. I won't try to tell you what I suffered, you know what Indigestion is or you would never have invented Cicfa. I tried many supposed 'cures' for my complaint, but I was only throwing away my money, for none of them did me any good—although I chose my food carefully while taking them. I am well known in Liverpool and other cities and towns, and as I used to go in for prizes as a trick bicycle rider, I entered for the Liverpool Cycle Parade last year. I went as 'Father Plays Ring o' Roses,' so I was surrounded by six dummy children, and danced the whole route, which was eight miles long. I won first prize, but I was so exhausted I had to be taken home in a cab, and my Indigestion was so bad I had to stay in bed. Nothing I took did me any good whatever. Then I read your advertisement that Cicfa was the only cure for Indigestion. I sent right out for it, and was relieved the first day, and was soon cured of every symptom, and I have been as 'right as the mail' as the saying is, ever since; so I have proved Cicfa is the only cure for Indigestion and all you say about it is true. If you wish to publish this you are welcome to do so for Cicfa cannot be praised too much, and I only hope that if you print this letter now every sufferer from Indigestion who reads it will test the truth of what I say, by trying Cicfa at once. I thank you again for what Cicfa has done for me, and remain, Yours sincerely, J. FRASER."

If you are suffering with almost any ailment, you may buy any one of perhaps half a dozen different remedies, and you may be cured. But there is one ailment which is an exception, that is Indigestion. If you suffer from Indigestion and can afford to give up work and go to the country or the seashore, and take exercise in the fresh air, and eat good food, you may find your Indigestion gradually disappear without any direct treatment, but there is, on the average, not one in a hundred who suffers from Indigestion who can afford such a course. Most Indigestion sufferers must either be cured while at home and at work, or they must continue to suffer. For all those persons who cannot afford to go away, but who must be treated at home without a holiday, there is only one certain Cure, that is Cicfa.

Mr. Fraser's sufferings from Indigestion during two years were such that he says he will not attempt to describe them. He did not feel he could afford the luxury of rest away from home, so he tried one remedy after another, but found, as he states, that he was only throwing his money away. As a trick bicycle rider his whole system was often put to tremendous strain, and his digestive powers habitually became exhausted when his system was exhausted. The greatest strain that he had ever endured was when he danced for 8 miles in the Liverpool Carnival and won the first prize, but the result was that he had to be taken home in a cab.

His Indigestion was most severe. By chance he read a Cicfa advertisement, from which he learned that Cicfa cured Indigestion and could be the only cure, and also found a full explanation of the reasons why Cicfa was the only cure. He sent out at once for Cicfa, and although he was so exhausted he was immediately relieved and quickly cured. Because of his experience and his knowledge of how severe the sufferings from Indigestion may be, he wishes other sufferers to know of his experience, and he has no hesitation in stating from that experience that the only cure for Indigestion is Cicfa, and that all we say is true.

By studying the diagram and symptoms below you can clearly understand whether you have
**STOMACH or BOWEL
INDIGESTION or Both.**



GASES in Stomach or eructations.
Sharp Neuralgic HEAD-ACHES.
ACID in Stomach with HEARTBURN.
TONGUE coated white all over.
COMPLEXION blotchy with redness of Nose, Spots and Pimples.
EATING not desired. Vomiting occasionally.
PAINS darting through Chest and Burning Spot between Shoulder Blades.

GASES in BOWEL or Flatulence.
Dull, Heavy HEAD-ACHES.
ACID in the blood, causing (a) Teeth or edge, (b) Gout, (c) Rheumatism.
TONGUE coated yellow at back.
COMPLEXION muddy or pasty.
EATING disliked or loathed. Biliousness and bad taste in mouth.
PAINS in Bowel, Griping and CONSTIPATION with all its misery.

BE WARY! There are 47 different imitations of Cicfa at 6d. or 7d. Not one of them was ever sold for BOWEL Indigestion until our advertisements about Bowel Indigestion and its Cure only by CICFA appeared. All imitations contain Drugs. Cicfa is sold everywhere, price 1/1s and 2/9.

If you suffer from Indigestion get Cicfa from your Chemist NOW, or TEST IT

ABSOLUTELY FREE

Send your Name and Address with this Coupon and one penny stamp for postage, and receive a liberal sample of this wonderful CICFA. Only one sample to each family. No person given a second sample.



D.Mr.

18/3/14.

CAPSULOIDS (1909), Ltd.,
79, Duke Street, Grosvenor Sq., London

Paris in a Ferment Over the Political Shooting Drama: Pictures.

**FIRST LORD'S
Sister-in-Law
Loops the Loop
at Hendon:
Picture.**

The Daily Mirror

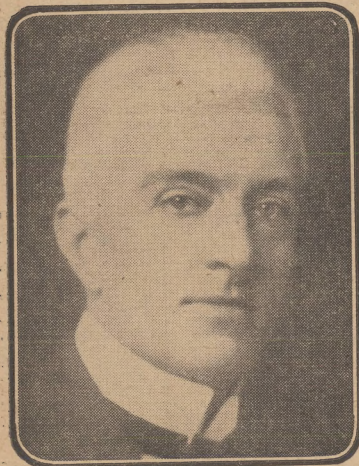
LATEST CERTIFIED CIRCULATION MORE THAN 800,000 COPIES PER DAY.

**LORD ROBERTS
wears Queen
Alexandra's
Shamrock: Picture**

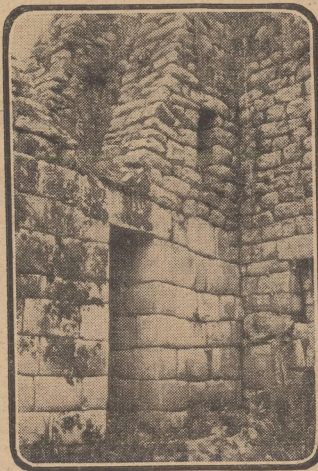
DISCOVERY OF LOST INCA CITIES: EXPLORER'S EXCITING ADVENTURES IN PERU.



The party travelling down the Huallago River on a raft.



Captain Campbell Besley.



House in an Inca city.

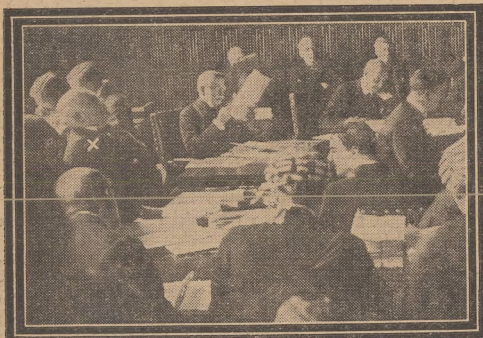


Chief of village preparing to torture a man.

Captain J. Campbell Besley, who discovered three wonderful Inca cities buried in the wilds amid dense masses of undergrowth, has returned to London after eleven months' exploration and scientific work in the unknown swamps and forests of Peru. With his

party he had many perilous adventures and while proceeding down the Huallago River was nearly ambushed by Indians, who had professed friendship. Before the man was tortured his thumbs were tied together with silken threads.

LORD MURRAY AT MARCONI INQUIRY.



Lord Murray of Elibank (who is marked with a cross) listening to counsel during yesterday's meeting of the House of Lords Select Committee, which is investigating the charges against him in connection with his purchase of American Marconi shares. Lord Murray was formerly Chief Liberal Whip.

TROUBLED MEXICO: A BANDIT'S TERRIBLE DEED.



General Castillo.



Guarding the "bull pen" at El Paso, Texas.

General Castillo, the Mexican bandit, caused the deaths of forty persons. He sent a blazing goods train into a tunnel, where it was wrecked, and then allowed an express to crash into the burning debris. The "bull pen" is where the captured rebels and Federals are held by the United States.